

# RISE OF THE SUNWHEEL



**Mike Kampf**

**We were of our Time but Before our Time**

**Mike Walsh-McLaughlin**

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## FOREWORD

A self-effacing personality it never occurred to veteran racial-socialist Michael McLaughlin aka Michael Walsh to pen his biography. Uppermost in his thoughts were, who would be interested? Besides, he never had a diarist during those fast-moving times.

It was impressed upon him that his struggle during those first waves of the non-European invasion was important for posterity. What sealed the invitation was the pointed reminder that if he didn't write it then others would.

One look at Wikipedia was enough to convince him that this was good advice. Such counterfeit comment would be littered with spite and spin, leftist lies and errors. For this reason, one of the world's most charismatic European ethnic-socialists set out his story.

Is it worth reading? The son of revolutionaries, by the time he was 24-years of age, Mike had travelled the world; visited over 60 countries and had lived more than most men in several lives.

Michael McLaughlin shaped British nationalist politics from 1968. A respected confidant of the world's most successful European leaders he was described by *The Star* newspaper as 'Britain's Most Dangerous Man'. This slur was a national newspaper's response to the British Movement's leader exposure of the Bolshevik anti-Christian terror in Russia and Ukraine.

Besides creating and organising Britain's largest and most successful pro-National Socialist political force McLaughlin was to become one of Ireland's and Britain's most prolific writers and authors. He has authored and co-edited over 70 book titles. These include a dozen beautifully illustrated collections of poetry compiled over 55 years. Certainly, McLaughlin, to give him his family name, is an interesting man; here is his story.

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Michael Walsh McLaughlin  
Author, Journalist, Broadcaster, Poet

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### **READERS INVITATION**

**RISE OF THE SUN WHEEL Mike Walsh-McLaughlin.** The charismatic leader of the 1960s-1980s legendary British (National Socialist) Movement. Relive the rallies, marches, street fighting, organisation, learn from a training manual for future fighters, gaol time, international campaigns, smuggling dissident literature. Michael Walsh and his Leader Guard were the last National Socialists to address mass crowds at Trafalgar Square and East London's Brick Lane. Discover a still fighting revolutionary veteran who built Europe's finest revolutionary party of ethnic-socialists since WWII.

If you like a book and wish to support the author you make a simple donation to his bank account.

Enjoy the FREE download and perhaps be kind enough to drop Michael a line and modest donation into Michael's bank account by saying hello to the author at [keyboardcosmetics@gmail.com](mailto:keyboardcosmetics@gmail.com)

## REVOLUTIONARY BEGINNINGS



### Genesis of Walsh-McLaughlin rebelliousness

Black and Tan troops in Ireland were notorious for the brutality. Patrick, Michael's father at 18-years of age was a member of the resistance. Despite a reward being placed on his head by the British Army, he evaded capture by keeping on the move with other members of the resistance. Their story is told in the 2008 blockbuster Ken Loach directed movie *The Wind that Shakes the Barley*.

Born into an impoverished emigrant Irish family Michael McLaughlin experienced austerity that few today can imagine. The youngster's only assets were his literati parents. His father, Patrick, was born 1902 into a wealthy landowning family in Donegal, now the Republic of Ireland. His father's inheritance was sold to finance his personal vendetta against British rule and Capitalism.

During the early 1920s, England's Black and Tans were in the crosshairs of Patrick McLaughlin's rifle. At eighteen-years-old Patrick, with others, was engaged in a guerrilla war with England's notorious Black and Tans irregulars. There was a widely published Wanted poster and reward on the Irish teenager's head. This conflict was followed by the Irish War of Independence. Patrick McLaughlin opposed the pro-Michael Collins forces.

During the 1920s the young Irish Republican exiled himself to the United States. An American citizen, Patrick served in the U.S. Civil Guard. During the 1920s and 1930s, the young Irish-American worked on New York's subway system. This is one of the great infrastructure achievements of the United States.

In 1936, then a member of the American Communist Party, Patrick joined the International Brigades. The brigades were formed for the purpose of backing the Stalin-backed Spanish regime. By clandestine means, Abraham Lincoln Brigade volunteers embarked for Spain where they were to fight on the frontlines throughout the Spanish Civil War (1936~1939).



Patrick McLaughlin RAF, New York Civil Guard and Spanish Civil War (1936 ~ 1939)

Mike's father fought with distinction. Patrick's total military career ended as a Royal Air Force Aircraftsman-Fitter 1<sup>st</sup> Class during World War Two. Patrick McLaughlin, despite his being repeatedly betrayed by the British Communist Party, remained a party member.

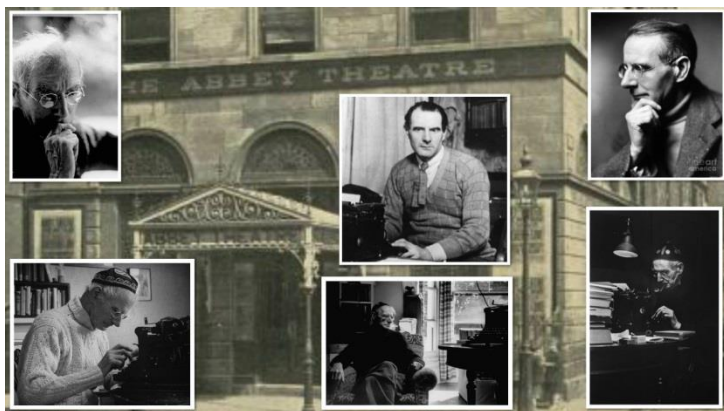


Former nun Kathleen McLaughlin nee Walsh

Michael's mother, Kathleen, a former nun turned gun-running revolutionary, was a devotee of fine literature. Between them, his parents instilled in their son a love of prose, a sense of nationalism and culture, and shared belief that a better world comes only through struggle and eternal vigilance. Michael's mother was a corresponding friend of Spanish firebrand, La Pasionaria Dolores Ibarruri. His father, during the Spanish Civil War, was associate of American war correspondent Ernest Hemingway.



War Correspondent Ernest Hemingway, Spanish Civil War formed a friendship with Patrick McLaughlin. The latter complained that Hemingway had borrowed his handgun and never returned it.



Sean O'Casey, Ireland's revered playwright and close lifelong friend of Patrick McLaughlin.

Both parents were radicalised although Michael's views diverged. Whilst his parents fervently believed, as did millions of others that international socialism was the antidote to the scourge of Capitalism, Michael saw beyond Communism. He believed in the phrase coined by fellow Irishman, William Joyce, 'If you love your country, you are a nationalist. If you love your people, you are a socialist; therefore, be a National Socialist'. Ironically, Michael's parents were fervent nationalists and socialists whilst being opposed to National Socialism!

Other than his being nurtured in a politically radicalised family environment; expressing pride in the culture, history and achievements of his race, Michael remained apolitical. By the time he was fifteen-year-old he and his two brothers and two sisters had experienced grinding rural and city poverty.

Born in Southport, a seaside resort 15 miles distant from Liverpool, the youngster's family rented a home-apartment in Blundell Sands, a suburb of the Maritime City. However, Michael's earliest recollections are of the family home being 226 Knowsley Road in Bootle. The family home was situated closer to the city's centre and central to the shipping docks of Liverpool.



Knowsley Road in Bootle, Liverpool, Michael's route to his Bootle school as a ten-year old.

England's war on the Workers Reich ended May 8 1945. The Kremlin's ambitions suggested that this was an early stage of the class struggle for world domination. As a consequence, the home in which Michael was nurtured through his early years was a hotbed of radical revolutionary fervour. 226 Knowsley Road was virtual headquarters not only of the Liverpool Communist Party cadres but the Irish Republican cause too.

After leaving the service of the Church his mother became an impassioned Irish Republican. Rebelliousness one supposes was in the blood. The Walsh lineage was impressive. A forebear had earned a considerable reputation for clandestinely burning the homes of Victorian England's super-rich to the ground. Karma, England's 'finest' were simultaneously razing Irish homesteads to the ground.

Another of the Walsh clan pioneered a prototype apparatus that was to revolutionise barrel-making. Making of barrels is of little importance today. When Liverpool was Second City of Empire wooden barrels were as an essential part in the Empire's on-going success much as are today's containers. The barrel innovation earned its Irish inventor an invitation to be presented to the Empress of India, Queen Victoria. Being a fervent Irish Republican, the invitation was declined. Others of the Walsh Diaspora gravitated towards music, literature and film production.

By the time she gave birth to her second son, Michael, Kathleen was active on behalf of the Irish Republican Army (IRA). Somewhere in the family archives, there is a photograph of Michael's mother taken in 1939. The pram she pushes with Michael's older brother Con inside was not quite as innocent as it appears. Concealed under the pram's rain sheet are handguns destined for members of the IRA.

## EXILE TO WALES

Unsurprisingly there was much coming and going in the McLaughlin household. During this period of frenetic political activities, Michael and his older brother Con were joined by three younger siblings. Fathered by Communist Party member Joe Rothwell in the absence of working away Patrick were Paul, Noreen and Eileen. Paul sadly contracted polio which caused him terrible suffering, disablement and eventually premature death. Noreen and Eileen, born about 1949, were very beautiful girls.

The subsequent family ruckus was of a life-changing nature. There had been a knife-fighting incident between Joe Rothwell in which the life of Michael's father was saved by his errant wife. One early morning at the crack of dawn a van appeared and in one swoop the family of five, Kathleen, 'Uncle Joe', Michael with his two brothers and sisters, self-exiled themselves to the remote village of Llandrillo hidden deep in the Berwyn range of mountains.

The austerity of ration book Liverpool was exchanged for a life of self-sufficiency in remote Welsh cottages. During the family's hand-to-mouth existence, he was schooled in a class dominated by Welsh speakers. Our 10-year-old 'English intruder' to village life was welcomed as something of an exotic specimen of city manhood by the village's fair maidens. Unsurprisingly such affections were resented by local boys; Michael learned fast how to hit fast and fight hard.



The cottage Ty-ucha-Llyn (house above the lake) near Corwen was one of the three Welsh homes lived in by Michael's family. The bedroom he shared is at the top left. Wood for the home fire was stealthily harvested by night by Michael's stepfather. Michael learned how to saw off a tree branch. To then smear the revealing white section with the soil clinging on to easily replaced sod of grass. The table fare was duck poached from the nearby river or rabbit bought from local hunters. Food was home-grown; Michael and his siblings were soon skilfully harvesting their homestead's crops. Life was basic; there was no running water, electricity or plumbing.

## RETURN TO LIVERPOOL AND THEN THE WORLD

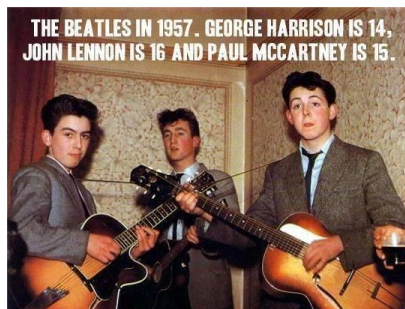
About 1955 Kathleen's estrangement from Michael's father came to an end. Deeply loyal he had bought his former wife a home in Waterloo near Liverpool and the two remarried. Michael, then thirteen-years-old and his brother nearly three years older shared home with their mother and three younger siblings.

Schooling for Michael is mundane and uninspiring; the youngster is an unremarkable child of his times. An average educational system Michael graduated in mediocrity, conformity and state discipline. The child did have a flair for writing ~ thanks to his parents' tutoring, constant encouragement and inspiration.



Home from the sea the sixteen-year-old sailor catches up on mail.

Liverpool for teenagers in the late 1950s was the Nashville of Britain. The Beatles and the Mersey Sound, a host of entertainers like Gerry and the Pacemakers and so many others were putting the city on the map. Liverpool Football Club was collecting silver like it was going out of business. Merely to be Liverpool-born was to presume international celebrity status.



Michael's Liverpool contemporaries  
The family-managed group played at The Cavern.

Michael was very much part of it. His brother Paul was the rhythm guitarist in the Earthlings group that often played at The Cavern. Anita Cochrane, his sister's close friend was one of the family. A lovely youngster, she was to bear Paul McCartney's lovechild. Noreen and Eileen resettled in the United States when teenagers. Eileen went on to become a San Francisco journalist. Her skill later transferred to a Turkish university teaching post. Noreen, the last she was heard of was managing a hunting lodge in Boulder, Colorado.

Throughout his life Michael was an avid reader. As an eight-year-old he was immersed in the novels of Jack London, Robert Louis Stevenson, Emile Zola, Charles Dickens, Joseph Conrad, R M Ballantyne, and David Livingstone. His mother encouraged Michael to write, to also enjoy and compose poetry.

### THE WORLD WANDERER



Michael with fellow cadets at TS Vindicatrix Sailing Ship School in Gloucestershire.

The youngster's reading choice lured the youngster to the call of the sea. The 16-years old called in at the Shipping Federation offices situated at Mann Island on Liverpool's Pier Head. Having passed his medical, Michael with other recruited cadets caught their train at the city's Lime Street Station. Travelling via Wolverhampton in Railway Children style their train took them through rural England to Sharpness in Gloucestershire. In a tributary of the River Avon was moored the Sea Training Ship Vindicatrix. The once beautiful sailing ship and nearby barracks were to be their home for the next ten weeks. During this sea training course Michael and his fellow cadets followed a rigorous course of disciplines most ex-servicemen will be familiar with. Routinely there were parade ground drills, strict discipline and constant courses in all aspects of seamanship.

Upon passing out as a deck boy Michael was assigned to Liverpool's Shipping Federation. The offices served as a seaman's training centre and employment office. On applying for a berth he was assigned the Royal Mail Ship (RMS) Britannic. The last of the great White Star Shipping Company's liners the 27,000-ton liner was one

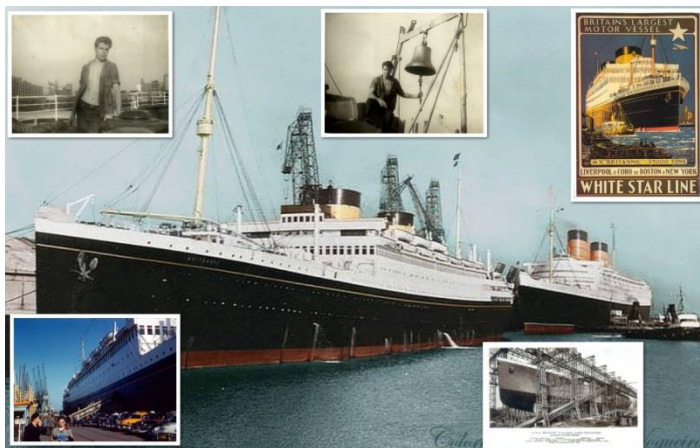
of a progeny of ocean greyhounds one of which was the Titanic. She was the last liner to sail under the colours and flags of the White Star Shipping Company.

The young seaman's service on the Britannic familiarised him with New York perhaps more so than had his father thirty years earlier. As soon as he had completed his 9-month stint as a deck boy Michael acquired an increase in his £9.12.6 per month pay and graduated to Junior Ordinary Seaman (JOS) status. As a sailor, Michael mixed with some of the British Merchant Navy's toughest and most colourful characters.

Although quiet and studious by nature the young sailor was inexorably drawn into the sub-world of 1960 New York's waterfront; its lifestyle, bars and clubs. Such venues, patrons and circumstances inevitably attract violence. No stranger to such the deck boy settled scores with his fists.

After bursting a provocateur's face open on one of the Britannic's massive anchor chain links our erstwhile student of literature was elevated to gang leader. As such, in scenes that are very much a reminder of the Marlon Brando's epic movie *On the Waterfront* the young McLaughlin was to become influential as a boy gang's leader in Hell's Kitchen waterfront saloons.

RMS Britannic was the last of the White Star Liners of the same line and colours as that of the RMS Titanic. Michael served as a deck-boy, earned his steersman certificate and signed off as a Junior Ordinary Seaman on the last day of 1959.



Michael served as a deck boy on the RMS Britannic, last of the White Star Liners.  
This is the ship in which he earned his steersman certificate.

### **THE SEVEN SEAS AND THE FOUR CORNERS OF THE WORLD**

Very much a teenager of his times and disinterested in politics Michael went on to serve and sail on nearly twenty British ocean-going merchant ships. One voyage took nearly 15-months to circumnavigate the world. The teenage sailor was to travel extensively around both seaboard of North and South America. His ships had sailed

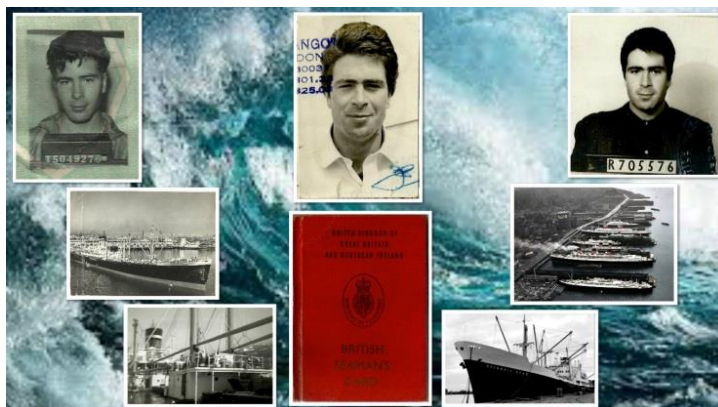
the Mediterranean, the Red Sea and followed the Euphrates dividing Persia (Iran) and Iraq. There were few countries in Africa that weren't familiar to him. He also travelled to Japan, Canada, and Australia and of course all over Europe.



MV Flamenco in Santos, Brazil, 4<sup>th</sup> from left with straw hat.

In February 1961 after taking a Hamburg harbour tug as a prize-of-war he was in deep trouble. With German police in pursuit and cries reminiscent of a prisoner of war breakout, Michael and his three co-conspirators were eventually identified and heavily fined.

By 1966 he had survived death-defying troubles deep in the Belgian Congo's interior. The sailor had been twice nearly knifed to death in Durban, almost fallen to his death in a ship's hold during a bunkering stopover in Aden. Having swum too far from his anchored ships haven in Canada he was close to drowning off the coast of Canada. Dicing with death seemed to be a habit of his. Swimming in Beirut harbour he was horrified to discover he was basking in the path of an approaching tug with its water crane in tow. Michael's life hung in the balance or rather on the tips of the fingers of a Lebanese sailor.



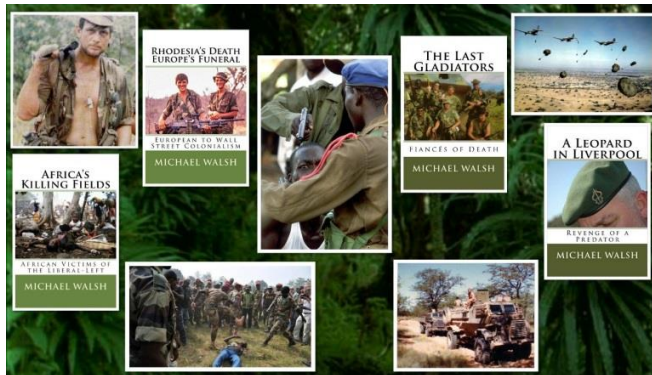
Seaman's identity New York, Brazil, Liverpool; MV Columbia Star.

He and fellow shipmates had swum in the mid-Atlantic, ventured way up the creeks of West Africa, been alcohol-tight with loose women in Latin America. He and others had been led up the River Weser and Elbe by ice-breakers. He knew Adelaide, Sydney and Melbourne well, spent time in the Portuguese colony Mozambique and was nearly killed by sharks in Beira. He and his shipmates played street football with the Guardia Civil in Franco's Spain.

Throughout the preceding years, the Liverpool sailor had survived the hurricanes of the Atlantic and sailed as a dot on the vastness of the Atlantic and Pacific oceans for weeks at a time. Typically, a ship's voyage San Francisco to Sydney took three weeks, Aden to Japan four weeks, Liverpool to Argentina for three or four weeks.

There were few African coastal communities where Michael was not known and welcomed. The wanderer had ducked and dived all over the world from the cantinas of Argentina's waterfront to the logging camps of Western Canada. He had discovered the jungles of Central America via the Panama Canal. Michael had frozen in the bleak desert dawn of the deserts that separate Egypt's Alexandra from the Red Sea. Once, marooned on a freighter that had beached in the fast-flowing River Congo 100 kilometres from the Atlantic Michael and his fellow crew members spent many weeks in the former Belgian Congo now Zaire.

It was winter of 1961 ~ 1962. The Belgian Congo during the transition to independence was in turmoil and as such was drawing in mercenaries from all over Europe. In the war-torn Belgian Congo, there was a considerable anti-European feeling among the easily inflamed native population. On several occasions, Michael evaded death only by a miracle. On one occasion he was arrested and held by the Congo National Army.



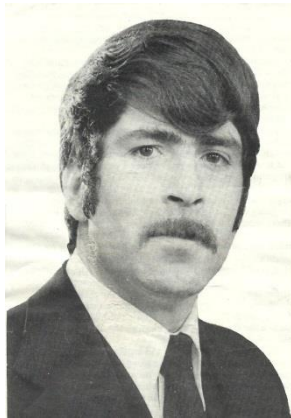
## CONGO CRISIS

Michael's experiences in the former Belgian Congo are retold in *The Last Gladiators*. His first and only fictional work the illustrated book drew heavily on his African experiences and was published in 2016. *A Leopard in Liverpool* can best be described as the third in the series: Charles Bronson's *Death Wish* and Richard Burton epic *The Wild Geese*. His third book in the African trilogy is *Rhodesia's Death Europe's Funeral*.

The young wanderer had fought in New York and mid-Atlantic had sliced a whale (obeying orders) in the North Atlantic. He had steered a super-liner through a near-land experience best described as the equivalent of flying an aeroplane under Tower Bridge. Off the California coast as a helmsman, Michael had come close to severing the bow of a U.S warship from its stern. No stranger to danger or drama he had also survived a brothel fight in Beirut, had been shot at in Uruguay and had New Year's Eve partied in Antofagasta in Chile. It was 1966; what more was to be gained? Besides, in addition to the incidents in the Belgian Congo during the Congo Crisis McLaughlin had experienced several close encounters with the Grim Reaper. He concedes that by this time his guardian angel must have despaired of him. But, she must not give up on the young adventurer. Fate had other things in mind for the wayward son of Patrick and Kathleen McLaughlin.

The 26-year-old beached sailor realised that for all of its attractions, of which there were many, life as a seaman would mean a career without prospects. Such a vocation would mean a future without a wife or home life. Such would be a life in which his only companions would be seamen. He would spend the rest of his life visiting places he had already often visited. A rough headcount revealed that by 1966 he had visited over 50 nations.

### **LAND IS NO PLACE FOR A SAILOR**



Early photograph of Michael  
Signed copies were sold to raise funds.

At this time there isn't a political thought in McLaughlin's head. This is remarkable when one considers that over the next decades, he is to make quite a name for himself as a political radical. The footloose young man of the people was at his most comfortable when working with or socialising with those he identified with. The one downside was that whilst seamen are highly trained and skilled team players there are no employment prospects for beached sailors. Shore-based contemporaries lucky enough to have well-paid secure jobs had held them since leaving school.

Many had served their apprenticeships and most were now settled down or married and on the mortgage bandwagon.

There was little opportunity for out of work seamen other than jobs that did not require formal training or experience. Opportunities in selling were advertised. Michael McLaughlin tried his hand as a company representative and was successful. Although these were commission only jobs he was at least paying the bills whilst others found the going in sales tough. The sales career brought him to realise that he had a flair for relating to people and their needs. It was an important lesson but still, the lure of a regular income for the loose cannon was a constant draw.

The only job for which there was a constant demand was offered by public transport ~ buses. The job brought him into contact with the public and the camaraderie appealed to him. Furthermore, the job paid well and for an ex-seaman, the inconsistent periods of time spent on duty were of little concern. It was at this time that McLaughlin joined the British Movement.



In 1968 George Lincoln Rockwell founder of the American Nazi Party (ANP) and World Union of National Socialist (WUNS) had recently been assassinated. The 49-year-old was gunned down on August 25, 1967 at a shopping centre near Party headquarters. The killer was former ANP member John Patler. He received a 20-year prison sentence but served only eight-years.



It was also whilst working on public transport that McLaughlin met his future wife, Ann. Their marriage lasted just seven years. McLaughlin in his twenties was simply not suited to the staidness of marriage. He and Ann remained on good terms until the very lovely lady passed away about 2012 suffering from Motor Neurone Disease.



Michael's first wife, Ann Patricia nee Jones at their marriage ceremony

It was whilst he was working for public transport that his older brother, Con invited Michael to join the newly formed private hire company Delta Cars. Situated in the north of Liverpool the private cab company was in the right place at the right time. There were teething problems. Two of the three partners responsible for the company's formation were ousted by his elder brother and his wife Ann who assumed control of the company.

Delta Cars became something of a family affair. Flame-haired Ann McLaughlin nee Dunphy, the wife of Michael's elder brother turned Delta Cars into Dunphy Cars. There were always job opportunities for members of the Dunphy family but none for the McLaughlin names. Eventually, there was an acrimonious separation that was never repaired.

It was the late 1960s. There were plenty with savvy enough to see where the coloured invasion of Britain was going. Britain's governing regime was using taxpayers' money to subsidise indigenous emigration to Australia. Simultaneously, equal amounts were invested in the mostly West Indian invasion of Britain. Servicemen, who had given their lives to defend England's way of life, were not yet cold in their graves when super liners plundered from the defeated Reich were simultaneously used to ferry mostly Caribbean coloureds to Britain.

## MIKE KAMPF

Occasionally I am asked if there was anything in particular that caused me to sympathise with the Workers Reich. There were several reasons but I have to say I was initially influenced by the experiences of British servicemen.

When I first served on a British merchant ship my shipmates over 35-years of age would have served during the war. As a teenager, I recall sharing a beer with an older sailor. We talked about this and that and at one point he mentioned that his ship had been torpedoed during an Atlantic crossing. He was one of those rescued. The sailor was quite laid back about the experience whilst I in awe of his story hung on to his every word. I was curious as to why he and other distressed survivors had not been machine-gunned by the U-Boat's crew. This was what routinely happened in such circumstances or so I had been told.



Captivity is good for you. After years on captivity these British prisoners of war on release were better nourished and fitter than troops that had never been captured.

My companion clearly thought it was a stupid question to ask. He went on to explain that the ship's crew, which typically would be no more than 15 to 20 in number, had been taken aboard the attacking U-Boat. I was eager to know more. I asked another stupid question: 'What was it like on the submarine?' I got my answer; 'Cramped!'

The ship's quartermaster closed the conversation by saying that he and crew members of other captured ships spent the rest of their war at leisure in German prisoner of war camps.

George Marshall had been captured during the British retreat to Dunkirk ~ twice. On the first occasion, he and his comrades had not been bound and had been treated civilly by their captors. During a turn in fortunes, their party was released by rescuing British troops. George told of his sense of shame as their rescuers stripped their German captives of their trinkets; medals, documents and rank badges. The German troops' wrists were also strapped. Yet again the odds changed and George and his party were re-captured.

‘Did the Germans treat their British captives badly after this experience,’ I asked George.

‘No, other than recovering the pilfered mementoes we were treated okay by the German troops.’

The Liverpool caretaker and comrades had spent the rest of the war in captivity. Although engaged in working in the German salt mines he explained that the conditions were much as they might be if they had they been working in Britain but their living conditions were better than those of a British Army camp.



Obviously, these released British prisoners of war are well nourished and fit

I was in my thirties when on different occasions I became acquainted with two men whose names I don't recall. One had been a sentry on duty at the British Embassy in Prague at the time of the Reich's occupation.

The two British sentries watched as soon afterwards a long column of German Reich staff cars approached before passing the British and other embassies. A staff car pulled to a halt at the British Embassy and a German officer approached the two Tommies.

Civilities were exchanged during which the sentries were asked in good English about their family and life in the Army. Both grinned and mentioned that the food could be better. The German Army officer smiled, saluted and returned to his staff car. The following day a car approached; two German officers alighted and a hamper of quality food was left for the British soldiers. The note explained that it was a gift from the Fuhrer.

The other acquaintance, a former RAF fighter pilot, told of the time when he had a German aircraft 'bang to rights'. He was about to fire a salvo when he noticed a small terrier-like dog sitting as a passenger in the German pilot's aircraft.

My friend explained that he hadn't the heart to fire. Instead, the pilots exchanged waves and he wheeled away. 'I never regretted doing so,' my friend added.

I suppose it was the post-war years I lived through that brought me into contact with so many interesting people. Ursula had been one of the secretarial office staff attached to Admiral Doenitz. Then there was my friendship with Rudolf. My German visitor, a former member of the Leibstandarte Adolf Hitler, helped count the vote during an election in which we had fielded a candidate.

During the 1980s a client whom I had got to know quite well reminisced about his war. The archetypal English gentleman had, I seem to recall, three experiences of German captivity. On each occasion, he and others had escaped and soon afterwards been recaptured. On the first two instances, there was little action taken others than minor punishment.

On the third escape, the party had reached a safe house on the French coast. If there was relief at their impending rescue it was short-lived. Before dawn broke the not so safe house was raided by German troops and all were hauled off to meet their Nemesis. The Brits were transported to a special camp in Poland.

There, he and a handful of others were put in solitary confinement in telephone box sized sheds. Occasionally, their guard would spit on them. It was bitterly cold and when released the captives were provided with picks and put to work. Such was the freezing temperatures day and night that the picks bounced off the frozen earth. Unquestionably, the treatment the prisoners endured was far removed from that of their previous camps. I suggested to my friend that he must as a consequence despise the Germans.

‘No,’ he replied. ‘We had initially been treated very well; we had no cause to complain. We later abused the relaxed conditions and so I don’t blame them at all; I never have.’

Ironically, the only people who criticise the Germans are those who couldn’t tell a German from a Frenchman or had never met a German. I can say hand on heart that I have never met an English serviceman who spoke critically of Germany or the experience as captives.

## COLIN JORDAN AND BRITISH MOVEMENT



Left John Tyndall. Right Colin Jordan

Back Britain for the British. Say NO to Immigration: The wording of a classified in the *Liverpool Echo* in 1968 was enough to get McLaughlin's pen and paper out. Within a week he was a founder member of the British Movement. The British Movement was not founded by Jordan but by the National Socialist Movement (NSM) during one of Jordan's periods in prison. Jordan assumed leadership only after the demise of the NSM.

The Coventry-based Party leader then a de-frocked schoolteacher and member of multiple nationalist parties were well-known for his inflammatory exhortations against coloured immigration. Something of a showman and adept at kicking his way into the headlines Jordan claimed to be an ardent National Socialist.

McLaughlin and Jordan formed a close working relationship. The British Movement activist regularly visited the Coventry home of former Cambridge graduate. The teacher turned political activist's treated the 26-year old from Liverpool as a confidant whilst McLaughlin was happy to be mentored by the more experienced political radical.

After learning the rudimentary ropes of radical activism McLaughlin added his own style of activism at branch management level. The branch's small but active Liverpool squad was soon making a far greater impact than the rest of the Movement's membership combined. Stalwarts included Peter Tidy, Bob Tyrer, Warner Williams and Roy Mennie.

Associates included National Socialist Bill Clarkson and International Socialist subversive Ricky Tomlinson. The latter, one of the Shrewsbury Two during a builders strike had used pickaxe handles against those they termed 'strike breakers' during a building industry strike. Tomlinson, when released from his two-year prison sentence was given a hand-up into the world of entertainment by Socialist Workers already ensconced in this Left-wing dominated career. Tomlinson became a TV favourite by playing the leading part in sitcoms like *The Royale Family* and the docu-drama, *Hillsborough*.

The Left's activists were far superior at entryism and mutual collaboration than were the constantly in-fighting nationalists. Many self-styled workers revolutionaries used their firebrand activities to blackmail their way into industrial bosses' jobs and lucrative positions in the world of entertainment.

We race-protective defenders of ethnic Europe could only press our noses up against their windows and marvel at their chutzpah. The relationship between McLaughlin and Jordan remained on good terms until 1974. However, there were several occasions in which the trusting McLaughlin had cause to question the political integrity of his mentor. Much about Jordan caused him to reflect upon Colin Jordan proposing activities grossly harmful to his loyal and trusting Liverpool colleague.

An example of this was when Jewish parliamentary candidate Eric Heffer campaigned for election. At Jordan's inspiration but at McLaughlin's expense the branch leader printed thousands of stickers. On each was printed, 'The Jews have Israel Let the British have Britain.' Each printed sticker, again at Jordan's suggestion, bore the legend: Published at 3 Friars Close, Bebbington. This was McLaughlin's address. Jordan's address was 42 Tudor Avenue, Tulse Hill in Coventry that served also as British Movement's head office.



Colin Jordan's marriage to perfume heiress Françoise Dior who was John Tyndall's former fiancée was a misadventure. Unsurprisingly the marriage caused a rift between the British Movement rightist and then National Socialist John Tyndall.

McLaughlin's concerns about the legality of the wording and the timing of their distribution were airily dismissed by Jordan. As a consequence of the Liverpool branch leader doing as Jordan suggested he was prosecuted and heavily fined for illegal electioneering.

Colin Jordan never contributed a brass farthing to the penalty imposed on his betrayed mentor. With friends like this who needs enemies thought McLaughlin.

Jordan was very comfortably off as a consequence of his family heritage and in addition considerable monies pocketed from the sale of Arnold Leece's former home in 74 Princedale Road, London. This property had been gifted to the Colin Jordan run White Defence League. This was neither the first nor the only occasion that McLaughlin, the British Movement's most successful political leader was embroiled in a calamity inspired by the seemingly hapless party's leader.

### **THE ROBERT RELF CAMPAIGN**

McLaughlin, although he was employed and married was volunteered by the retired Jordan to re-locate to Leamington Spa. There he was delegated to manage the Free Robert Relf campaign although the unmarried and unemployed Jordan lived just a few miles away.

In Leamington Spa, the out of work bus driver had been gaoled for an allegedly racist offence. The likeable and apolitical Relf felt strongly about coloured immigration. When he and his wife Sadie put their home on the market a sign was placed in the couple's garden. The sign's message was clear: *'For Sale to English Buyers Only.'*



On several occasions, the sign was stolen. Each time, the police returned the for-sale sign to the race-rebel. Refusing to take it down ex-paratrooper Relf was subsequently charged. He appeared in court and, stubbornly stood by his principles for which he was sentenced to a term in prison for contempt of court. The contempt of court charge was a judicial sleight of hand. The offence for which Relf had been charged under the Race Discrimination Act was not a criminal offence. Therefore, one could not be gaoled for defying the act though compensation may be payable to an offended party.

Robert Relf, without any sympathy from the leftist-liberal media, went immediately on a hunger strike in Stafford Prison. For 43-days the British patriot was on a water diet only. Relf vowed to fast until his death.

The Press was unsympathetic. Some newspapers even sneered that his fast-to-death was a publicity stunt. This was the same media that provided constant and sympathetic publicity to the hunger strikers of the Irish Republican cause. Robert Relf, a working-class hero put his people first. His avowed opponents were the self-styled workers, the Marxists who put other peoples first.

McLaughlin shrewdly managed the Free Robert Relf campaign. Demonstrations outside Stafford Prison and court appearances were only part of a busy daily schedule. There were constant media interviews and related organisational matters to attend to.

Whilst appearing to be supportive Jordan again suggested McLaughlin take a course that could have had a devastating effect on the former seaman. The British Movement leader suggested that his Liverpool branch manager publish a news story exposing the sexual preferences of a political rival.

Unsure as to the legality of such a move McLaughlin visited a Leamington Spa firm of solicitors. During a meeting with Queen's Counsel, the political activist was told that such a story was clearly intended to sabotage the reputation of the victim. Its publication would be an indefensible libel. The damages demanded by the offended person would bankrupt McLaughlin.

It is well to point out that Jordan knew British law inside out. In private conversations on several occasions, he confided in McLaughlin that his one regret was that he had not entered law rather than teaching. Jordan loved studying the law and welcomed the opportunity to act as his own counsel during court appearances.

During the Relf campaign McLaughlin attended meetings in Wales and England. On the right of the photograph is Arthur Calland. Arthur and his wife Mary provided offices at 95a Chester Road East rent-free to the British Movement.

On another occasion, Jordan urged the ever-trusting McLaughlin to act in a way that would result in a fine. On this occasion, the rebel Robert Relf had been brought from prison to Birmingham court in order that he apologise and remove the offending sign in his garden. At Jordan's prompting, McLaughlin formed a barricade in the road outside the court. His doing so Michael temporarily disrupted the police van returning Robert Relf to prison. Again, McLaughlin was fined without contribution being made by the incident's provocateur. As a footnote to the Robert Relf story the inoffensive Leamington Spa patriot was gaoled 2 years 9 months for allegedly bricking the windows of an Indian restaurant. A good friend and loyal campaigner on Relf's part McLaughlin asked Relf in confidence had he really broken the restaurant's windows. The ex-serviceman, who was candid about other campaigns that brought him a court appearance, denied any involvement in an incident that occurred some 20-miles from his home.

Relf was characteristically frank. On the night the restaurant windows were broken he had not ventured outside his Leamington Spa home. He and his wife retired to bed around midnight. An hour or so later there was a rapping at their door. The police had a warrant for his arrest. Sat in a police car he was taken to the local police station where he was charged and held. Meanwhile, the police conducted a search of the Relf home. The officers took from a bedroom drawer several items of clothing.

Their cache included a jumper Relf habitually wore at home. This garment, after being sent to forensic was found to have splinters of glass in the fabric. These shards were said to be the same as those found at the scene of the window breaking incident. Well, this would be the outcome if the police had beforehand contaminated the jumper whilst their prisoner was held at the Leamington Spa police station.

McLaughlin had no reason to doubt Robert Relf's account. Whatever one's stance, Relf was a highly moral man whose only sin was his resistance to coloured immigration foisted upon the peoples of Britain without their consent. Cui bono only the police benefited from the innocent man's imprisonment. In one dirty move, they had freed themselves of a local 'nuisance'.

With wry amusement the campaign's Liverpool organiser recalls an occasion that occurred in Leamington Spa when campaigning on behalf of Robert Relf. He was to visit the small city's office of the self-proclaimed Race Relations Board. During a convivial conversation with a Sikh officer of the Race Relations Board McLaughlin asked a direct question. 'What would happen if in India a government law was enacted and a prosecuting department was set-up to defend the interests of unwanted non-Indian immigrants at the expense of the indigenous Indians?'

The Sikh officer smiled as he told the branch leader that there wouldn't be enough hemp in India to hang such people (renegades).



Ex-Rhodesia Selous Scouts serviceman Peter Brawley leads a British Movement march.

### **DID JORDAN SABOTAGE REVERSE IMMIGRATION**

Some may think it relevant that Jordan was a product of Cambridge University. This is a campus that had earned considerable notoriety for spawning Moscow's useful idiots. These included the infamous Cambridge spy ring of the 1950s. At this time, Cambridge student Colin Jordan formed The Nationalist Club.

Had a protégé of the Cambridge conspiracy been selected to manage and mismanage to its death British nationalism. Knowing the sophistication and the funding available for such a coup this is a thought-provoking possibility.

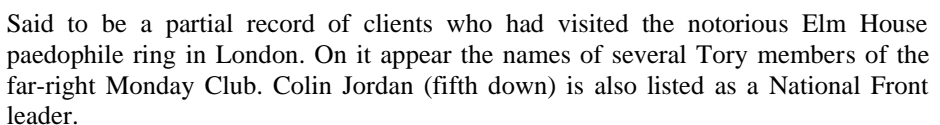
Knowing the sophisticated nature of a Kremlin-funded operation big enough to penetrate the highest echelons of government it would be naïve to think that Britain's Anti-Communist nationalist forces would be left untouched. Colin Jordan from that point on formed or joined a breath-taking number of rightist organisations. At one count he was a principal member or leader of at least ten organisations. His pivotal role in each would allow him opportunity to access and to harvest the identities of all National Socialist sympathisers in the UK.



Jordan in white trench coat at an early demonstration

The 1920s and 1930s NSDAP was rivalled by scores of rival nationalist parties. Yet, Adolf Hitler was unswervingly loyal to his NSDAP Party until the bitter end. The Fuhrer, whom Jordan allegedly worshipped, died in poverty; Jordan died amid the trappings of wealth. He benefitted as heir to a considerable amount of money left to him in property by the venerable Arnold Leece.

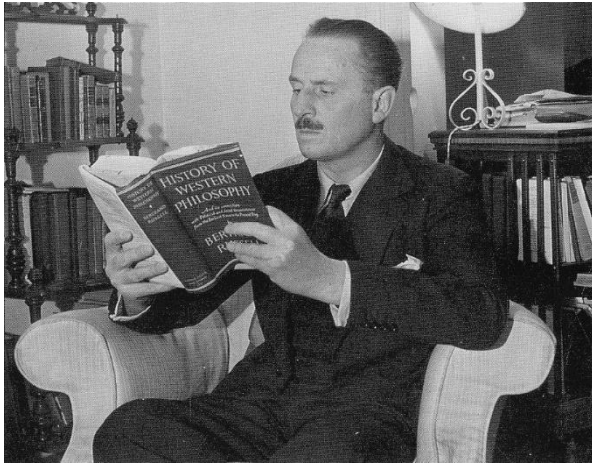
If one should Google *Colin Jordan Elm House paedophile ring* one finds a list allegedly carrying the names of the paedophile ring's brothel. On the list appear the names of several Tory members of the far-right Monday Club. Colin Jordan is also listed as a National Front leader. Did Safrany know too much? In the forty years of Jordan's life McLaughlin had never once heard mention of this woman, Julianna Safrany.



Ever the pragmatist the British Union of Fascists leader Oswald Mosley created an understanding with West Indian community leaders. He was now leader of Union Movement. The mutually beneficial arrangement would reverse the flow of Caribbean immigration. The British government was fuming. Mosley had to be stopped.

Two years before his death in 2009 Jordan wrote, *'The far right must make the essential ascent from that pettiness of vision and spirit, with all its attendant squabbling, which has been the curse of British nationalism and the joy and benefit of our opponents.'*

This was a bit rich coming from a man with such a lifelong history of subversion, bickering, and divisive approach which had so badly decimated British nationalism. Jordan had made a rewarding career out of squabbling with rival parties and associations.



A former prominent member of the British Union of Fascists revealed how master strategist, Union Movement Leader Oswald Mosley in 1958, had drawn up an ingenious scheme. Mosley offered a win-win strategy that would reverse the flow of West Indian immigrants then being assisted by the government to settle in Britain. Having done the math, Oswald Mosley made an offer to the West Indian community's leaders they simply could not refuse. There would be on offer a substantial financial inducement for every member of Britain's West Indian community to return to their lands of origin. The sum would be enough for them to set up a business; enable self-sufficiency and provide an income for the rest of their lives. Britain would benefit from savings made on future welfare payments and the saving of costs associated with their use of infrastructure such as schools and hospitals used by those who have never contributed to their purpose. The West Indian community was enthusiastic but the British government was far from happy.

With critical timing Colin Jordan became an inflammatory provocateur during the notorious 1958 Notting Hill race riots. At the time Jordan was the White Defence League's firebrand. This splinter group was responsible for inflaming the riots that led to a West Indian immigrant's death. The extreme violence and the simultaneous Press reports drove a wedge between Oswald Mosley's Union Movement and the West

Indian community. Trust evaporated and the previous good relationship was never restored. The pioneering offer was shelved, the British government was happy and West Indian immigration accelerated. Jordan, by helping to organise quite unnecessary violence appeared to have successfully sabotaged the only realistic plan to reverse the flow of coloured immigration into Britain.

Another oddity was that Jordan remained a fringe party figure. Yet it was Jordan who commanded media publicity that was denied to far more successful campaigners. John Tyndall, A K Chesterton, Oswald Mosley, Andrew Fountaine, Martin Webster and Michael McLaughlin come to mind. Had a movie been made Jordan would have been an extra but the media made him the movie's star. Before the National Front's former leader died McLaughlin and John Tyndall developed a close friendship. During relaxed meetings the two reminisced a great deal.

During such tête-à-tête McLaughlin occasionally expressed doubts as to Jordan's political integrity. Whenever the two talked John Tyndall confided, that Jordan was well known to himself and Martin Webster. The former National Front leader told McLaughlin that at an opportune time he would reveal information that would prove the British Movement's suspicions as being well-founded. Unfortunately, the former Chairman of National Front, Britain's largest nationalist and electorally successful party passed away before such confidences could be exchanged.



British Movement activist Peter Marriner (second from left) was revealed as a Special Branch informant. Colin Jordan shunned Oswald Mosley and the feeling was mutual. The later disgraced shoplifter was jeeringly described by Union Movement leader Oswald Mosley as 'a pygmy posing in the jackboots of dead giants.'

## HUMILIATING DEBACLE

The relationship between McLaughlin and Jordan came to an abrupt end in 1974. The Party's Liverpool Branch Chairman received a telephone call from Roy Mennie.

The Party member broke the news that Party leader Colin Jordan had been charged with shoplifting. One would think that such humiliation could not have got worse but it did.

The store Jordan had committed the offence in was Leamington Spa branch of Tesco. The Tesco chain is named in honour of Tessie Cohen, the wife of the store's market trader who founded the company.

Mennie told his branch leader that according to initial reports the stolen items included three pairs of ladies red knickers and feminine toiletries. These allegations were never denied by Jordan publicly or during his court appearance.

McLaughlin winced: Jordan had been detained by two members of the staff. The supermarket's teenage shop assistants had accused Jordan of not paying for goods.

The so-called National Socialist instead of explaining himself and showing his purchases or receipt had taken to his heels. The assistants chased him and then held Jordan who surrendered himself when trapped in a nearby ally. McLaughlin was incredulous and called Jordan's home.

His Party leader apologised and told him that the reports were true. He added that nothing further at that point could be said. McLaughlin asked what of the British Movement.

Verbally, the shoplifter Jordan shrugged. The disgraced British Movement leader was subsequently charged, appeared in court and fined £50 for the offence.

Interesting that media, hard-left and liberal elite never play on his utter humiliation. Had any genuine racial-nationalist been so demeaned one can presume there would be constant and amused recycling of the disgrace.

Yet, Jordan's fall from grace is rarely mentioned and is always down-played. Throughout his ten years of British Movement leadership McLaughlin who had been left holding the baby was constantly attacked in the pages of Jordan's periodical *Gothic Ripples*. The title was not his own but that of an Arnold Leece publication.

Little of *Gothic Ripples* content published by Jordan concerned itself with establishment corruption, coloured immigration, Jewish influence, or defending himself for his predilection for wearing ladies underwear. Perhaps Jordan got his inspiration from wartime premier Winston Churchill. He too was exposed as having a fondness for cross-dressing and he too had a penchant for visiting paedo-parties at which shirt-lifting was a la carte.

## JANUARY 2018.

The self-styled firebrand's betrayal of Britain's ethnic-patriots finally struck home with the revelation in January 2018 that during his politically formative years, Colin Jordan had responded to an advertisement in the Communist Party's notorious newspaper, *Daily Worker*, in 1941. \* Heritage and Destiny, January, 2018.

Jordan's collaboration with Stalin's Bolshevik Russia after the Reich's pre-emptive strike was not a one-off aberration. Three years later, in 1944, as the Workers Reich

fought for the survival of Germany; Jordan was in regular correspondence with the Anarchist Federation. The AF was similar to the Antifa (Weimar Republic Communist Party) and controlled from, Moscow.

## HEADY DAYS

Shift duties and overtime hours on public transport heavily impacted on the new British Movement leader's time. But, a working income was essential. McLaughlin's position as British Movement leader was unpaid. Donations and profits from printed material were going to Colin Jordan's bank account. There was a solution. A local dairy needed milk rounds men. The dairy job paid well and the day's work finished before 10 am each day. The start necessitated rising well before dawn but posed no problems for a man who had never known anything but shift work. Another advantage was that there no overtime and no need for such. This meant that McLaughlin could devote every day, evenings and weekends to unpaid campaigning on behalf of the British Movement. The job's earnings were good and there was now money to be diverted to promoting Jordan's British Movement.

Dairy owner Ken Warburton had his reservations about Michael's much publicised stance as an anti-immigrant activist. The dairy boss's nightmare was that on learning of Michael's far right leanings his customers would change their allegiance to arch rivals Express Dairies. It didn't quite work out that way. Such was McLaughlin's popularity that the Party leader's customer base doubled in size.



A pre-march briefing in London, McLaughlin  
And Branch Organiser Dave Phillips

The liberal-left coalition delight in sneering at what they considered to be the British Movement leader's low-paid job status. One would expect such from old Etonians and the public-school set. Yet, the grotesque self-styled workers parties were deriding one of Britain's most enduring forms of working-class employment.

These Leftists had no intention of ever themselves becoming one of the actual working class. Why should they; like their Queen they could parasite from the working class's labours for the rest of their lives. Besides, none of the Marxist mentors ever did a day's work in their lives. It is interesting how these self-appointed working-class heroes reserve their job description jibes for an honest man doing an honest day's work.

## **THE BOSSES USEFUL LEFT-WING IDIOTS**

Marx's useful idiots pay only lip-service to criticising the boss class. The Left's hatred, their street attacks, subversion; their personal crusades are exclusively directed at the working class. How well they do the political elite's job for them. The liberal-left's anti-capitalist rhetoric fools no one. In near one hundred years of activity the liberal-left murdered thousands of working-class socialists and nationalists. Name one capitalist, banker or member of the political elite targeted by them; just one?

The liberal-left consider the ruling class as the untouchables. The left-winger's victim is always the hardworking and often unemployed man who fights for his racial or financial survival. And so, it was for us in the British Movement. Rarely were we ever confronted by coloured people. The opponents of real working-class socialist were the Leftist activists who act as mercenaries for the political elite, the bankers, media and police. The leftists are notorious for planting evidence and identifying to both Press and Police ethnic-nationalists fighting for their own survival. A leftist is a capitalist in a cloth cap; it has never been otherwise.

Whenever a white socialist incident, event or personality made the news you would find the Tory *Daily Mail*, Labour supporting *Daily Mirror* and the Marxist *Socialist Worker* all singing to the same sheet and in perfect harmony.

The liberal-left anti-Fascist groups were never short of money. Only the working-class youth, many of them unemployed, tried vainly to run their party on a shoestring. We National Socialists were the only ones to attack the class system. Only we confronted and exposed the boss system. It was we working class real socialists not the liberal-left who cast light on bankers' sins that looted the poor.

It was the National Socialists who dragged into the light the Jewish subversives. We the copper-bottomed proud working-class youths who risked life and limb confronting the real race-haters; those who murder ethnic communities through enforced race-mixing, spearheaded and financed by the financial resources of their Jewish masters. Meanwhile, the working-class youths and men purchase 50p badges and £3 music tapes to fund their cash-strapped parties. Unlike the left we are not financed by the pin-stripe suit set.

National Socialists fought for human life in opposing abortion. They alone opposed euthanasia, despised animal cruelty, the neglect of the aged; they abhorred class and social deprivation. It was the White socialist right that was horrified at the scale of malnutrition and poor national health resources. National Socialists put their

people first for which they incurred the wrath of the orchestrated Tory, Labour and Marxist media.



Eddie Stanton and fellow Leader Guard member  
NATIONAL SOCIALIST INTEGRITY



McLaughlin arrives at speakers' corner in East London's Brick Lane. The location was famous for its British Union of Fascist rallies.

McLaughlin recalled his newspaper *Phoenix* carrying an article and images exposing the suffering of the peasants in Russia and Ukraine. The Marxist's hero Soviet dictator Joe Stalin conceded ~ and Churchill agreed that it was necessary that 10 million peasants died during the artificial famines of the 1920s and 1930s. Their story in words and images were carried in *Phoenix*, the British Movement periodical. Did these British-born champions of the working classes sympathise with us White socialist, the Russian or Ukrainian peasant class that had been slaughtered in their millions? No, these liberal-leftist oafs, who have thechutzpah to describe themselves as champions of the working class, rounded on hard-working members of the real working class.

## **TWO SIDES OF THE SAME COIN THE LEFT AND THE CAPITALIST CLASS**

'The so-called Labour Party supporting *Star* newspaper reaction to the *Phoenix* depiction of starving peasants was extraordinary. Instead of conceding that the cloth-capped tribes of Wall Street had brought about such genocide they screeched at McLaughlin for daring to expose Communist crimes. *The Star* newspaper, described the periodical's editor McLaughlin as 'Britain's most dangerous man'. The *Star* newspaper claimed that 'the most dangerous man in Britain' had shown images of the victims of the Nazis and blamed them on the Russians.

By 1975 it was time for McLaughlin to devote his full attention to party organisation. Could he make ends meet if he were totally dependent upon donations from the working-class membership and the modest profits from the sale of Party badges and music tapes?

Across the Atlantic and North Sea, McLaughlin established a rapport with both established and emerging German and American race patriots. James K. Warner, Dr. Ed Fields, Rose Ebert, Ernst Zundel, J. B. Stoner, The Voice of German Americans, Willis Carto, David Duke, Thomas Robb and many others. McLaughlin put to one side all other life considerations; he worked around the clock seven days each week. Not once can he recall taking a holiday. McLaughlin's leadership inspired two popular news periodicals, the *Phoenix* and *The Fact Finder*. Daring to go where angels feared to tread, the young leader of the British Movement fought in street battles, organised protest marches, attended public meetings, and addressed large crowds at outdoor rallies.

The radicalised leader was the last racial-nationalist to hold public meetings at Brick Lane in East London and Trafalgar Square in Central London. As McLaughlin addressed the crowds that memorable fracas-filled day he was guarded by a phalanx of smartly turned-out Leader Guard. Albert Chambers assisted by Dave Logsdon were responsible for discipline and training. The Leader guard was the vital unit charged with setting the standards of behaviour. At all times the Leader Guard was tireless in the endeavour to protect their Party leader from the boss financed Leftists. That day the orator faced the withering cross-fire of thousands of radicalised anti-working-class parasitical leftists who vowed to destroy the British Movement.



McLaughlin addresses crowds at East London's Brick Lane. There are today very few White people living in this community.

### **A PARTIAL BRITISH MOVEMENT ROLL-CALL**

The roll-call always brought to the surface the names of active British Movement members. Many of them stamped their own characters on Movement activism. As with any pioneering spearhead political movement there were inevitably differences of individuality. The British Movement membership profile was mutual respect.

Obviously, I cannot recall all and I am open to reminders. I do recall with fondness and gratitude Eddy Stanton, Pete Brawley and Mick (Bury) and their Lancashire stalwarts. Regards also to Dave and his wife Pat from Sheffield who were always party-loyal. I recall Don who was responsible for Scotland.

I am in my debt to Dave Phillips of Essex whose loyalty was unswerving. I recall with great fondness Alan Winder and Jeff Carson from Richmond, Surrey. Salute the South Wales Leader Guard and members whose efforts kept the British Movement presence in the headlines. Fondly recalled the bare-knuckle Matt and Steve Morgan, Then there was Tom (absent, sir R.I.P) and his wife Irene from Kent; also Dan Tolan (happy 80<sup>th</sup> comrade). Most recall Glen Bennett, Tracy, Arthur and Mary Calland, Meredith Hughes (Dolgellau), Ron Parr, Paul (Peterborough), Dick Turpin, Mick MacAndrew, Seamus Wall, Pompeii, Dick Baron, Mickey Lane and Peter Draper.

### **UNITED WE STAND DIVIDED THEY FALL**

Britain's nationalist community is notorious for perpetual division, in-party squabbling and personal attacks. Such failings affect all parties and associations. Hardly a day passes without our reading of main party membership jousting for position, division and quarrelling. The same applies to the Left; if we don't know

about them it is because we couldn't care less. Like subversion, fund-raising and leaflet bashing such are part of political activism.

The N.S.D.A.P, the Fascist and many other Nationalist parties of Europe suffered internal splits, rivalry and subversion too. Compared to the blood-letting of International Communism and the main parties of the self-styled democracies the White caucus are saints. I was far too focused on the big issues of party leadership to allow myself to be distracted by flies hovering around the dinner table.

Subversion, contention, personality clashes and disagreements fight under the same banner. It is hard to separate them but why bother? The best strategy is to rise above them and to instead lead by example. If some want to place their bets on limping ponies, donkeys and mules, then they do us all a favour by relieving us of their presence.

### **THE POISON PEN PRESSTITUTES**

British Movement marches, rallies, demonstrations, even a car cavalcade marked the on-going presence of the British Movement. Marches were organised in which the genuine members were well turned out in uniforms. As far as the media was concerned this was not the image of the British Movement membership they desired. Perish the thought that the public should be influenced by smartly turned-out clean-cut young men whose images would have made any mother proud.

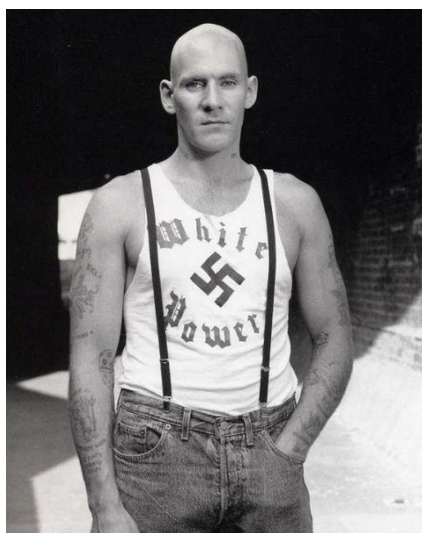
The media often encouraged and possibly paid hippie freaks to tag on to the end of nationalist marches. These hippie-types would then be photographed and the photos used in the following day's press. These freaks were insinuated as British Movement members in the following day's newspapers. This strategy public scorn.

McLaughlin recalls an interview in which he described the so-called holocaust as a fiction similar to the Great War propaganda that claimed German troops for amusement tossed Belgian babies in the air and caught the infants on their bayonets. His words were taken out of context and twisted in such a way that a woman later enquired as to why he wanted German soldiers to toss babies in the air and catch them on bayonets.

McLaughlin proved to be a real dilemma for the 'gentlemen' of the Press. In their eyes the typical neo-Nazi was an ugly tattooed shaven-headed sneering belligerent thug. Unfortunately for the scribblers the British Movement leader's image was pretty much average. For this reason, his photograph rarely appeared; the press instead using skinhead images that put the Movement in a poor light.

### **THE SKINHEAD CULT**

The more theatrical skinheads like Nicky Crane who turned out to be a gay pervert did more harm than good. Toxic media welcomed the opportunity to erroneously describe the more thuggish elements of the skinhead phenomena as being typical of the face of the far-right. They never were.

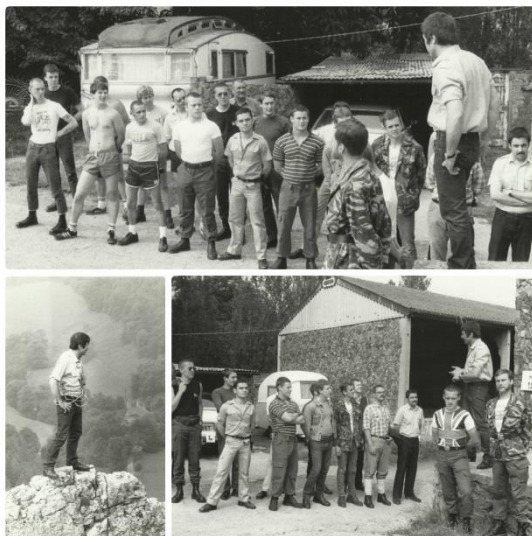


Whilst the British Movement existed under McLaughlin's leadership (1974 – 1983) there emerged skinhead cult. In fact, followers of this youthful fad tended to be diverse in their political or apolitical interests. A few skinheads were right-wing but many were left wing or simply apolitical.

The *News of the World* takes the dubious credit for fuelling this skinhead interest in the nationalist parties of Britain. The *News of the World* was Britain's most widely read Sunday newspaper. The red top was dubbed *News of the Screws* due to its content being sexually salacious. The paper spent much of its time cooking up anti-nationalist 'I was a Nazi Werewolf' genre of stories and features. It occurred to a *News of the Screws* scribe that the adage 'you are known by the company you keep' might have its political uses. A plan was hatched that would identify the right-wing with the public's negative image of the skinhead movement. The *News of the World* carried a front-page shock-horror story about the skinhead presence in British Movement and National Front. If at the time McLaughlin was aware of the Skinhead trend, he certainly didn't pay regard to it.

One has to hand it to these prostitutes. Such stories were couched in such a way as to suggest that anti-immigration parties accepted only membership applications from skinheads. McLaughlin was left scratching his anything but bald head when applications started to pour in from members of the skinhead cult. He recalls receiving letters in the following vein: 'Dear Sir, I am a 17-year-old girl. I am told that to be a member of the British Movement I have to be a skinhead. I promise you; I will be a skinhead and I will send you pictures. I will then ask you for membership.'

One hopes the 'gentlemen of the press' and their families are proud of themselves. Personally, one would rather wash sheets in a brothel than write for mainstream media. The British Movement was sold by media as a skinhead dominated racist organisation. In truth, many who followed this fashion were clean decent young men and women. Their haircuts could easily be likened to those preferred by American servicemen of the time.



British Movement activists were well-disciplined, smart and a credit to their Movement and ethnicity.

One skinhead in particular came to be the face of British Movement. London's Nicky Crane never held any position other than that of spokesman for one of London's score or so of membership cadres. However, whenever the national press ran a story on the British Movement, they tended to publish an image of Crane rather than the Party leader. The reason was obvious; this testosterone-fuelled skinhead was more the required Fleet Street image that was the far more appealing Michael McLaughlin. Nicky Crane had only one failing; the skinhead did not have a swastika tattooed on his forehead. This oversight presented no problem for the press. They simply penned a swastika on the lad's photo before publishing it. This photo of Crane with the Press drawn swastika on his forehead is still published today.

### DEADLY INTENT

Throughout this period, Michael McLaughlin constantly received death threats. At one time, ahead of a march through London, the notorious *News of the World* carried headlines, '*MOSSAD brings in a sniper to assassinate Nazi leader McLaughlin.*'

On the advice of the police the British Movement leader habitually checked his car for explosives. Despite such dangers, the Police did all they could to hinder the progress of the British patriot. His offices at 95a Chester Road East in Shotton, North Wales was occasionally raided by the police as was the Party leader's home. As far as he is aware no hard-left activists were ever questioned by the Police let alone searched. With the passage of time and when a gun shop owner, McLaughlin store was open to all comers. Among them was Bill Prince, a former organiser of the Socialist Workers Party. A nice guy and always well-meaning Bill morphed into

something of a National Socialist. Not once did Bill ever mention the Socialist Workers being bothered by the police. Yet, this vicious little political sect was constantly picking fights with the nationalist parties. They had a long record of intimidation and violence but as far as Plod was concerned the so-called international socialists were the untouchables. Many will ask, 'Plod, do you enjoy Sunday and evening babysitting looking after your daughters and granddaughter's half-caste offspring? It'll give them opportunity to search for new boyfriends.' Some will wistfully wonder if such bed-sires will be far left or coloured.

On one occasion McLaughlin was scheduled to address a meeting of party activists in Leeds. It was mid-winter and the only access to the Yorkshire city was over the wintry Pennine Mountain range as bad weather threatened. The tread on two tyres on the Party leader's car were borderline. Explaining the dilemma to the Leeds Branch organiser over the telephone McLaughlin was persuaded not to disappoint the branch's membership.



*News of the World* Sunday newspaper gleefully reported that during this march the British Movement leader would be taken out by a MOSSAD operative. The journalists were to be disappointed. Many will hope that these journalists' daughters have also been taken out ~ by Asian pimps.

Within the hour McLaughlin and his wife Suzanne departed their Shotton office en route for Leeds. Less than two miles into their journey their car was met by a one-car police traffic check. A police officer indicated the party leader to pull in at the adjacent lay-by. On that occasion the leader's car was the only car singled out from the flow of vehicles. The police officer, without checking the documents of the driver or vehicle went straight to the two tyres identified as suspect in the earlier telephone call. Handed a ticket for driving on faulty tyres the police officer went on his way leaving Michael and his wife to return to their office by foot.

Certainly, it must be pleasing for the Marxist left to have such state provided defence force. The same police force comes in useful also for arresting and harassing party activists as they go about their lawful business. Surely, Her Majesty's thin blue line are fully entitled to free membership of Britain's Socialist Workers, Communist Party or other liberal-leftist groups they aspire to?

Being followed by Special Branch was par for the course. Before the onset of

internet and motorway camera surveillance one presumes telephone calls were constantly monitored. No one believed such hackneyed nonsense that a magistrate's warrant was required before such police surveillance.

Michael McLaughlin recounts: 'Typically we four in our car were driving south on the M1 when we approached Staples Corner. As far as non-Londoners are concerned this is the intersection that separates London from what we knew as England. Here is encountered the ring road circling London that is better known as The Orbital or M25. The circular orbital is often referred to as The Toilet Seat with good reason.

Our activists' car joined the traffic mêlée on Edgware Road that would complete our journey to the Central London meeting. One of our backseat passengers suggested we were being followed. There was scepticism but as Arthur Calland was fond of pointing out, 'I might be paranoid but it doesn't mean I am not being followed.'

My strategy to identify any tails on my car was routine. I would simply change my route to see if the suspect car stayed on our tail; it did. Plan B is you then play silly buggers. You duck, dodge and dive down all manner of streets to see if you can shake the tail off. Try as we might we could not do so on this occasion despite breaking the laws in our attempts to do so. The police in such incidents are not interested in making arrests; their only purpose is to see what is going on. They are never worried by what they do know but they do have sleepless nights over what they don't know.

When it suited the police to be nasty, they could be and often were. Nationalist marches and demonstrations provided the police with opportunity to show their true colours. One activist, a burly and likeable chap whose name I recall was Tony was handcuffed by police officers to street railings. This young member was then given a good kicking by Plod.'

Funds were persistently low; the Party leader and his wife lived frugally. Often, if there were no donations in the morning's post they went without. There were successes. The British Movement was by now making a name for itself. The pro-ethnic European socialist party was constantly attacked by the radical left and in particular the self-styled Marxist Socialist Workers Party. This Jewish-led far left group openly collaborates with the Tory Press. Their Press Releases were published without editing, challenge or checking. The intellectually stunted Maurice Ludmer, a Shrewish gnome-like comrade of the Anti-Fascist League and editor of *Searchlight* was ably assisted by the capitalist Press. Any press release issued by Ludmer was accepted without question yet Ludmer had a history of violence, fraud and arson.

## UNITED STATES EMBASSY IN MADRID

McLaughlin when Party leader made international headlines when with comrades of various nationalities, he chained himself to the railings of the American Embassy in Madrid. This campaign had the desired outcome of drawing attention to the continued imprisonment of Germany's Deputy Fuhrer Rudolf Hess. On other occasions McLaughlin was heavily penalised for protesting at the coloured invasion of Britain. Leader of Spain's CEDADE, the anti-Communist offspring of the nation's Falange continues to be both active and popular. The comradeship between Pedro Varela and McLaughlin is enduring and both are in touch today.



Party Leader Pedro Varela of Spain's CEDADE takes the oath of allegiance. CEDADE and British Movement constantly worked together.



## A PROTEST TOO FAR

During my 15-year leadership of the British National Socialist Movement life was rarely dull. Certainly, there was the tedium of routine; mailings, dealing with correspondence, working out strategies and responding to crisis.

However, there were occasions when circumstance and situations changed dramatically. During the late 1970s I recall a letter bearing Spanish postage stamps which were followed up by a couple of telephone calls. The translation was poor but I gathered a protest was to be made in Spain against the continued imprisonment of Rudolf Hess, once Deputy Fuhrer of the Democratic German Reich.

Barcelona-based CEDADE (El Círculo Español de Amigos de Europa) were the organisers of the protest. In place were already Spanish volunteers, and French, German and American activists. I was invited to join the protest so that Britain could be represented.

In the mid-1970s Generalissimo Francisco Franco had only recently died. Spain was still going through their post-Fascist transition to elected government and the return of the Spanish monarchy. Back then there was no internet and there were no budget airlines. If I answered the 'call of duty' my journey would involve a 36-hour

coach trip. This would take me half the length of Britain. I would then cross the English Channel; another coach would then complete the odyssey through France and Spain.

There are times when a man's got to do what a man's got to do. Biting the bullet I accepted the invitation but I had little or no idea as to what the protest actually entailed. Had I known beforehand I would likely have opted out of the Spanish Inquisition.

On reaching Barcelona I was warmly greeted by Pedro Varela and comrades. Pedro is a veteran National Socialist. The owner of Libreria Europa, Varela was doing time, persecuted and heavily fined before Adam was a lad. CEDADE has its origins in the Belgian Rexist Party, Waffen SS Leon Degrelle and the Spanish Blue Division. That evening in Barcelona our small party of protestors and organisers took the overnight train to Madrid. Still having no idea of what the arrangements were I allowed the unfolding events to do the translating for me. The following morning, we activists arrived at the U.S Embassy in the Spanish capital, Madrid. An imposing edifice the embassy dominates a broad avenue that is home to various other embassies, consulates and government buildings.

As one might expect the U.S embassy is heavily guarded and its well-kept gardens are defended by formidable gates and railings. I must confess to smiling weakly as my wrists and those of my comrades were fettered to a long and heavy chain. This chain was then shackled to the Embassy's railings. Simultaneously, the unshackled protestors unfurled their banners which in various languages called for the release of Rudolf Hess. At this time the Reich's Deputy Fuhrer had endured over 35 years in solitary confinement. The German peace envoy's imprisonment was retribution for his having attempted to stop England's war against Germany in 1941.

Madrid media had been forewarned of the protest and half a dozen photojournalists recorded the protest. They had to be quick about it. Long before the shackles chafed our wrists, we activists heard the screaming sirens. Traffic along the broad boulevard was brought to a halt as Spain's National Police and Guardia Civil used bolt cutters to do their work. I must say it was rather fun to find oneself handcuffed and held down in a foetal position in a Spanish police car as with sirens screaming the convoy of police cars screeched their way to the city's central police station. Upon our arrival we hapless protestors were ordered to await our fate on benches upon which were sat various other miscreants. Occasionally, a name would be called and a felon registered before being taken down a long flight of stone steps.

We of course had no inkling of what might be found down those steps but we did have a clue. From the floor below could be heard repeated blows, oaths, gasps and the repeated sound of flesh hitting flesh. I was not a happy bunny and I viewed my impending fate with considerable trepidation.

Finally, my name, badly translated, was called out. Defiantly, I completed the registration process after which an officer of the Guardia Civil led me to fateful steps. I was on my way to the cells but what first awaited me; brutal interrogation no doubt.

You can imagine my relief to then discover that the police station's basement was used as a sports centre by police officers. There was the usual gym apparatus and a boxing ring in which a pair of pugilists were punching shit out of each other. This then was the source of the earlier heard curses and sounds of flesh pummelling flesh.

My relief and that of others was short-lived as soon afterwards we found ourselves in the most fetid cells imaginable. The stink of human depravities and body movements was enough to make one wretch. If one was obliged to use the loo one was escorted to a pipe-sized hole in the floor. The aim of the 'toilet's' previous users left much to be desired. We certainly weren't putting on the Ritz.

After a long period of reflection, I later found myself taken before a magistrate. Perhaps a Fascist or at least nurtured in Fascist Spain I was invited to explain myself. I did so with dignity and pride. Smiling, the magistrate wished me well and told me I was free to go. The 625 km return journey to Barcelona was taken through the foggy night. It was job done and homeward bound. Was it all worth it?

When I finally arrived at London's Victoria Bus Station, I took my seat and settled down for the six-hour journey to Liverpool. As the coach pulled out from the bus station a man occupying the seat in front of me opened up his newspaper. As he did so I was confronted by a paperback-sized picture of me.

The newspaper story related to our protest at the U.S Embassy in Madrid. It was a gratifying moment added to by the later news that the protest had made the main channels on American television and newspaper main stories. There is indeed much more than rhetoric and pen-pushing to political leadership of the then British Movement.

## **THE ELECTIONEERING LEIBSTANDARTE ADOLF HITLER**

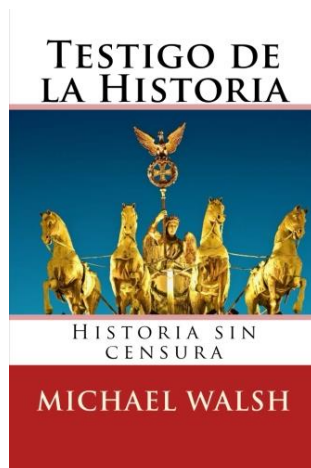
There were lighter moments. The small and charming English town of Neston boasted a shop that sold music related products. The proprietors, Arthur and Mary Calland owned Eclipse Records and a store of the same name in Shotton, North Wales. They had one other investment at 95a Chester Road East. This office and substantial living space served as British Movement head office for a number of years thanks to it being offered rent-free. This was the couple's generous donation to the British Movement.

Mother of several children Mary Calland was a committed member of the British Movement. Putting herself forward for election the votes for Mary fell short of outright electoral success but the many votes cast for her did horrify the Marxist left. The poor leftists and their friends in the capitalist media would have been even more demented had they known that one of those selected to take part in the vote counting process was a German gentleman whose name was Rudy. This huge likeable German had once been an officer in Adolf Hitler's bodyguard regiment Der Leibstandarte Adolf Hitler.

The likable American headed a propaganda outlet the mission of which was to educate the world away from the war victors' propaganda. During the activist's telephone call to my Bebington home he told me he needed to visit Denmark and invited him to accompany him.



Mary Calland receives a bouquet after successful electioneering. Seated on her right are Mrs Ann McLaughlin and Michael McLaughlin.



Witness to History by Mike Walsh was translated into Spanish. Second only to English as an international language book sales are high.

### THE INFORMATION SMUGGLERS (As narrated)

The narrator takes the story up from there: On accepting his proposal little did he realise he was in for a white-knuckle ride of a lifetime. McLaughlin drove to Hull to pick up the overnight ferry to Esbjerg. On the ferry he was to meet his contact. This was the first occasion the two had met. McLaughlin found the rather over-confident American in control of the situation and the conversation. The ship's bowlines cast off and the ferry then eased out into the estuary.

As the North Sea ferry got underway the pair had much to chat about. It was then that his companion dropped into the conversation the bombshell that they were being tailed. As McLaughlin feigned interest he rolled his eyes. That was all he needed, a few days in the company of a mouthy American who saw spooks under the bunks.

‘By whom,’ the party leader politely enquired in an attempt to humour his associate.

‘It is the guy in the coat and the little blonde with him.’



Still sceptical, the British Movement leader was about to look in the direction of the two people mentioned when his companion urged caution. Within a minute or so McLaughlin spotted the couple a little way down the boat deck. To the British party leader, the two seemed ordinary enough. Detecting scepticism on McLaughlin's part the American set out on a tour of the ferry's several decks. Sure enough, their interest in the ship was shared by the blonde and her ~ let's call a spade a spade, accomplice. His friend lowered his voice. ‘These two are the secret police and they will tail us. McLaughlin conceded afterwards, ‘I must admit I was a bit on edge. This was cloak and dagger espionage country and if nothing else I personally preferred to avoid international incidents.’

As soon as the two activists disembarked the overnight ferry at Esbjerg the bitter cold hit them. This was January. The port situated on the North Sea's unprotected coast really is polar-country. Pulling their coats around them he and the American located the railway station. Purchasing tickets, the two climbed aboard and their train pulled out. The two were in good company; their fellow travellers included their tails who sat in one carriage away from that of the pursued Briton and his renegade American host.

At some point during the journey across the small country's frozen landscape their train approached an isolated railway station. One supposes it served a small community not much larger than a hamlet. ‘We'll get off here,’ Mike companion says.

‘We are there?’

‘No, not yet, I just want to shake these fuckers off.’

Who was he to argue, the train pulled in and paused to pick up a couple of passengers alighting from the train across the station? As the train left the station the two information smugglers deftly swung their carriage door open. McLaughlin followed him and landed upright on the platform as the train continued on its way.

The pair watched as it departed. So did the two Danish dicks that were following them. Their secret police tails had jumped out of their carriage too. You're rarely alone in Denmark.

This was the final proof that the couple's presence was not just a coincidence. The information smugglers darted across the platform and boarded the other train. The four ~ tails included ~ finally made their destination. This was a small stop set in Denmark's hinterland where it borders the German frontier.

There the two nationalists met a jolly north German who warmly greeted them. Alas, McLaughlin's knowledge of the German language is abysmal; the British Movement leader was out in the cold again. Their German companions chatted in their own language as their journey continued by car to a hotel set apart from nearby homes and businesses. The inn was quite large considering what was thought to be a small community. It was nightfall and McLaughlin was clueless as to his actually location.



Europe was desperate for leadership, education and separation from the victor nations' plutocracies.

As the comrades sat in the hotel's lounge and chatted the British Movement leader was given to understand that they would soon be joined by others. Sure enough, their small group was soon afterwards made up of four amiable Germans. The British Movement leader gathered the conversation was light-hearted. After a drink and introductions, he joined the American and the German who had met them in one car. The car following held the other three Germans. By this time night had fallen. As the two cars drove off into the heavily forested countryside McLaughlin's companion explained that the hotel's lounge and their booked room would be bugged. Tonight, arrangements were to be made relating to the smuggling of anti-regime information into American Occupied Germany. It was thought that discretion would be best served in a remote forest clearing.

As their two cars set out, they were pursued by several police cars some of which were marked. The lanes they followed led into the forest until their route was little more than tracks used by forest vehicles. Abruptly pulling off the road the six men alighted from the two cars now deep in the Danish Forest. It was dark ~ very dark, the only light being the starry skies above. Breathlessly, the British political activist kept up as the six men plunged deep into the forest. The six ethnic-European nationalists kept on moving for what was supposed one kilometre. Once at a clearing deep in the

frontier forests the five German speakers discussed whatever arrangements they wished to make. About twenty-minutes elapsed and then was heard the baying of police dogs. The English-speaker grinned. 'The fuckers were too shit scared to follow us without the dogs. They have called the dogs and their handlers in.'

Their small group ran and reached their cars whilst the police and their dogs were searching the remote forest for them. After reaching their hotel the German friends went on their way to what was thought to be an uncertain future. McLaughlin and the American smuggler were sharing a room. As soon as the American turned the room lights off he tweaked the room's window curtains. 'Hey, come and take a look.'

McLaughlin did so and shook his head in disbelief. Upon their earlier arrival there was only one other car parked, presumably that of a member of the staff. Now, the hotel's car park was stuffed with cars including two marked police cars. This was all new to McLaughlin but the American put his British friend's mind at rest by explaining that there was little chance of their being arrested. The purpose of the stakeout was merely to identify us and to keep tabs. There is much more information to be gained by activists on the move than uselessly banged up in a cell.

### **A TRUTH SMUGGLER'S CLOSE ENCOUNTER**

Michael and Ann McLaughlin with Paul Otte. Paul was sentenced to 10 years in a German prison for being in possession of leaflets promoting National Socialism. Meanwhile, Communists were aided and subsidised by the Allied Occupied German regime.

No names no pack drill but an acquaintance volunteered to transport pro-National Socialist propaganda into Allied Occupied 'liberated' Germany. My friend either had too much backbone or too little awareness of the penalties for such 'crimes against the state'. German activists often receive 10-year prison sentences without remission merely for being in possession of a single pro-National Socialist flier. Placing about 60lbs of printed fliers, stickers and A4 posters in one's overnight bag or suitcase was out of the question. During the mid-1970s border controls were still in place across Europe. On exiting Belgium, one had to get past the formidable German frontier police presence. All documents of incoming car drivers and passengers were carefully scrutinised. Any car or occupants that aroused suspicion was directed to a side bay. There, several officers would thoroughly search the driver, passengers and the car. Let's call our mule Peter.

Trying his best to look cool Peter pulls up at the frontier checkpoint. With the intention of showing his documents our mule attempts to lower the driver's window. Fail! The brave driver had forgotten; the door panels had been removed earlier. Inside the window cavity of the car had been placed enough fliers to cover every lamp post in Occupied Germany. Because of his illicit cargo the unfortunate Peter found it impossible to lower the car's window. It seemed the game was up for Peter. Fortunately for our mule the officer was not the brightest tool in the box. Presuming the fault was due to a malfunctioning window handle the frontier officer took Peter's documents through the now open door of the car. Peter and his much-relieved passengers were then waved through. It was Peter's lucky day. Paul Otte, a German who once distributed such fliers received a ten-year prison sentence.



This young German was ordered by German police to get out of the car he was passenger in. Told to lay face-down on the road he was shot in the back ~ whilst trying to escape.

Those gaoled by the West German regime were the lucky ones as others lost their lives. I regret having forgotten the names of two friends as it was a long time ago. Twice they visited me in Wales. These were basically expressions of camaraderie. The two Germans loved the British Movement, the organisation and potential. Most of all the two were impressed by our comparatively easy-going laws.

Our German visitors were amazed that we could publish and distribute positive comment about the Workers Reich. On the last visit we enjoyed a splendid evening's meal and companionship at a Tudor-style inn hidden in the mountains of Wales. The name of the hostelry was The Plough, which our German friends pronounced Der Pluff.

Sadly, we heard later that one of our friends (pictured) was a passenger in a car when it was stopped late at night by plain clothed German police. Apparently, the driver and its passengers were on their way to or from a clandestine meeting.

Ordered to step out the car's youthful occupants were instructed to lie face down on the road. Whether it was a cold-blooded execution or perhaps an unfortunate gesture claimed to be an intention to escape one of our friends was shot dead by the police where he lay. RIP, my dear comrade.

### GAOLED FOR HONESTY



Michael McLaughlin arriving for the opening of the case on Monday.

Despite the constant media demonization of the British Movement leader the Party grew in size and effectiveness. What was to be done with a political leader whose pioneering approach and charismatic appeal was growing? The judicial department of the quasi-British government sought to have McLaughlin silenced. In 1979, McLaughlin was charged with several charges of 'racial incitement'. These charges related to six innocuous pamphlets calling for an end to coloured immigration.

McLaughlin was sentenced to six 4-month terms of imprisonment to run concurrently.

One of the pamphlets he was found guilty of publishing was a simple re-print of Rudyard Kipling's poem *The White Man's Burden*. Another pamphlet warned that unless immigration was curbed entire areas of London would become no-go zones for Whites. Time proved McLaughlin right in every prophecy made in these fliers and for which he was imprisoned.

Whilst in prison there was the penultimate attempt to silence the British Movement leader. The prisoner-of-truth was locked in a cell with a deranged inmate. For three days McLaughlin was abandoned to suffer abuse and threats from the cell's psychologically disturbed inmate. During a routine visit to the prison's dining canteen a friendly inmate questioned McLaughlin as to why he was sharing a cell with that particular prisoner. The Party leader's response was that he hardly had any choice in the matter.

Taking McLaughlin to the end of the cell row the concerned inmate showed him the prison officers' notice board. On it was chalked each day's inmates special needs and suchlike. The prison officers' remark on the cell number the party leader had been assigned to had the name of his cellmate. The advice given was that due to the prisoner's mental state the cell must not under any circumstances be shared.

Complaints were made by McLaughlin's wife who threatened street demonstrations unless her husband was moved to a safer cell. The Party Leader was re-located. Presumably by way of retaliation the prison's warders then informed the gaol's-coloured inmates of his new cell's location and the race-hate reason for McLaughlin being its occupant. From this point on small groups of marauding coloureds were allowed to hammer at McLaughlin's cell door issuing threats. This meant that the British Movement leader was now in solitary confinement and in his interest unable to exercise even for a few minutes each day. By this inhuman and treacherous ploy, the prison authorities hoped other prisoners would not be 'contaminated' by the gaoled patriot's views.



One of the flyers for which Michael was to receive a four-month prison sentence.

Most ethnic groups, especially Jews, promote the integrity of their own kind. This is applauded except when ethnic-Europeans demand the same right. Whites are

categorised as second-class citizens for the purpose of work and taxation. Otherwise, their status is on a par with the kâffir of apartheid South Africa. The indigenous Briton is mocked and mixed, discriminated and subject to unequally applied job opportunities and legislation. The above sticker earned McLaughlin a 4-month prison sentence. Such literature was in fact occasionally purchased by those of other races whose natural and healthy instincts coincided.

Among those who serve her Majesty's government there lurks a demonic mind-set that is difficult for ordinary human beings to comprehend. Curse the Jews as much as you wish but in fairness the Jew protects and advances Jewish interests. Jews do not arrest, send to prison and terrorise their fellow Jews. This perverse behaviour appears to be a unique failing of their spineless Shabez goy. Could you imagine a Nigerian or Ghanaian, an Indian or Japanese receiving a lengthy prison sentence for championing the interests of their own people? Such would be unthinkable but it seems a certain lowlife Caucasian will sell his sister on the North African slave markets for his salary security.

Never to be forgotten or forgiven the prosecutors from the Home Office to the policemen who served the charge, the jury, the prosecuting counsel and judge all of whom prostituted themselves to Zion. The same applies for the palace scribblers the 'gentleman of the press' who censored or otherwise spun the story in favour of race-mixing. It includes the police officers and prison officers who stage-managed the race-patriot's incarceration. Every attempt to silence McLaughlin failed. The Party upon his release continued to grow in strength and prestige.

## IRONIES



British Movement London activist Eddie Stanton is still in the fight 40-years on.

Of many ironies the one that was most striking was the spinelessness of Britain's middle-class professional suits. All of the risk, fighting, donations, and loyalty come from the disillusioned youth of Britain. Ironically, this was the one section of the British community that had the least to lose from the coloured invasions. These

youngsters had neither property nor future. Those who did have a stake in the country and their children's future carefully kept their heads well down.

It is easy to say that the self-employed and professional middle class would find their livelihoods negatively affected had these classes come out from under their duvets. However, there is a myriad of ways in which one can help without being seen to be active. How often the unemployed dug into their pockets to purchase literature which they themselves distributed. The better off should be thoroughly ashamed of themselves for their stinginess and cowardice. The unemployed were far better men and women than the middle classes could ever be.

## LIGHTER MOMENTS

There is a misconception that political life is tedious. That political activism is disciplined in a controlling way and humourless. This may be so if one is unfortunate enough to subscribe to the mainstream parties. Being a corrupt, two-faced backstabbing self-serving hypocrite prepared to put race loyalty on hold likely qualifies one for Tory, Liberal or Labour party card membership too. We 'Nazis' had no truck with such malarkey. We all had our lighter moments. I recall an incident when on a bus I merrily whistled the *Horst Wesel Song*. The ballad was composed to honour Horst Wessel. The young German National Socialist activist was cowardly murdered by the boss-backed Bolsheviks during the 1920s struggle for the German soul. A bus passenger smiled as he tweaked my sleeve.

'I remember a time and place when you would be arrested for whistling that.'

'Let them arrest me then,' I cheekily replied.

Perhaps an ex-serviceman who had served in Occupied Germany my critic smiled. 'You know, son. It is years since I heard the *Horst Wessel Song*. I can't tell you how happy I am to hear it again.'

Public dislike of National Socialism is a myth. Most people are far from being as critical as media would have us believe. I was enjoying a quiet drink in the Golden Lion in Rossett, Wales when a debate opened up with a fellow customer. The point I was making was that at the time England declared war on Germany on September 3, 1939 all the Reich had done was reclaim territory illegally occupied by Poland in 1920. My opponent disagreed but the young barmaid who was surprisingly erudite on the subject waded in and the debate was won.

On another occasion it was a beautiful summer's day that merited the opening of a car's windows. Awaiting a passenger, I placed a *Battle Songs of the Third Reich* in the car's radio. The stirring martial chorus by the Waffen SS was overheard by anyone within 50 metres. I cannot begin to describe the pleasure on the faces of the ten or so passengers standing at the bus stop just feet away. Their smiles were self-evident as their feet tapped along to the ballad's rhythm. All these years later I recall how crestfallen the group was when my passenger arrived and I went about my business.

If you're a mainstream journalist, race-mixing liberal or otherwise red-top tabloid readers do keep your hair on. The Waffen SS soldier refrains were ballads about homeland, girlfriends, their culture and the blessings of the seasons.

A good but politically ambiguous friend was Liverpool's Billy Clarkson. The jovial cab driver loved to tell of an incident that occurred in a city centre cinema.

At the time there were one or two privately owned cinemas that shunned mainstream cinematic productions. Such were left to the chain cinemas. Privately owned smaller cinemas tended to show fringe films. These movies or documentaries were usually left-wing or under the counter sex movies. However, on this occasion the cinema was showing *Triumph of the Will*. This documentary movie is Leni Reifenstahl's filmed coverage of the 1936 NSDAP Party Day rallies in Nuremberg. The two-hour film epic won countless awards. The technological cinematic advances of the production were well ahead of its time. Ironically, Hollywood's training colleges still use *Triumph of the Will* during courses attended by students and would-be producers.

Billy coughed up at the cinema's box office and my friend took his seat. He was lucky that night as the cinema was packed and there was soon standing room only. The Third Reich movie starts and one is soon able to experience scenes of surging multitudes of ecstatic Germans celebrating the arrival of their nation's adored leader Adolf Hitler. If watching the production, it is difficult not to be swept up by the enthusiasm, mood and joyous atmosphere as tens of thousands of excited Germans celebrate the occasion. It seems no one in the cinema's audience was taking a blind bit of notice of the Soviet-style narrator whose voice-over was mocking the movie as it progressed. At one point the narrator sneers: 'Look at them, they are all slaves to their fuhrer.'

His words seemed wasted on an audience that was fully engrossed in the cinematic production. Billy Clarkson, a huge man at this point stood up on his cinema seat. Then, with full lungs he bellowed: 'Well I want to be a slave too!'

He told me afterwards the cinema audience's response was the funniest thing he had ever experienced. Everyone started cheering him and the chant, 'I want to be a slave too' echoed off the cinema's walls. As far as I am aware the movie was never shown in public again but of course *Triumph of the Will* is now accessible online.

## DIKSMUIDE ~ BELGIUM



Belgian nationalist parade through Diksmuide during No More Brother Wars commemorations

Diksmuide is a small Belgian town situated an hour's drive from the port of Ostend. Each year at the end of July the town's environs become a place of pilgrimage for several hundred thousands of people. From all walks of life and many countries the gathered crowds share the belief that there should never again be a brother-against-brother war in Europe. Diksmuide was a place of great suffering and loss of life during the Great War (1914-1918).

Attracted by the same sentiment and believing we would meet many fellow travellers our small group set out for Diksmuide. This involved a 250-mile trip to Dover. A ferry was then caught that would take us across the North Sea and we would then travel on 20 miles from Ostend to Diksmuide.



British Movement Leader Guard with German comrades was notable in their marches. McLaughlin can be seen as the rear-guard ranking.

There is on the Sunday morning a very sombre and respectful service Parades and speeches honour youth of all sides in that conflict. This same common sentiment applied to the lighter-hearted atmosphere of café society experienced by tens of thousands who afterwards relax in the city centre.

For two- or three-days visitors mingle and chat. They make new friends, relax and enjoy each other's company. At such gatherings each gravitates towards their own. The British got on fine with almost everyone. The exception was when Irish Sinn Fein supporters found themselves sharing the same bar as a party of Brits. All brotherly love evaporated. The fight was short and vicious. It was an oddity but one supposes every ideology has its limits of tolerance towards another's. Here also was opportunity to press the flesh of the American and European race-loving intelligentsia. I was often to be found in the company of notable Americans David Duke, James K. Warner, Dr Ed Fields, J. B Stoner and others.

## INTERNATIONAL COMRADESHIP



J B Stoner, founder of American States Rights Party with McLaughlin and Leader Guard member

The Germans being Germans tended to set the standards. This national characteristic was best experienced at the barn where we Brits were advised to pitch our tents. Here, English ineptness was at its most excruciating. Our party fervently wished that Fate had not been so unkind as to place our pitch next to that of our German kamaraden. The difference between the two cultures was marked; the British when off duty looked like refugees. At 6 am each morning, unshaven and unwashed, we Brits set about striking tents in a way that can only be described as embarrassingly inept. Some members of our party didn't know the difference between a tent pole and a tent peg. Never in your sweet life have you seen such a shambles.



McLaughlin with British Movement Leader Guard in Diksmuide, Belgium

If our German neighbours noticed our ineptness, they were far too polite and sweet-natured to reveal their thoughts. By break of day these sons of Odin were scrubbed up and clean shaven. Immaculate in their uniforms each German camper was detailed to play his or her part. Each morning German tents were struck and stowed whilst the Brits were still looking through the *Dummies Book on Camping*.



McLaughlin and Peter Tidy deep in thought

### **BERCHTESGADEN AND EAGLES NEST**

During casual conversation the topic of Eagles Nest came up. I had never heard of such a place. It seemed that there is a place in southern Germany where Adolf Hitler had his summer home. This has since become a place of pilgrimage for those who admire Europe's greatest social reformer. In those days there was neither internet nor search engines so everything was hearsay. My wife and I decided to see for ourselves. Sheffield-based Dave Bailey and his wife Patricia would be our companions during our trip.

Looking back the proposed odyssey was an undertaking far beyond our financial means. Furthermore, we would go in a car so past its sell-by date it should never have left England. As for what we might find when we got there, we were clueless. My only thought was that we might discover the ruins of the former German leader's home. Having discovered that our destination was set close to the Bavarian town Berchtesgaden we picked up a map. We then filled the car's tank and we sallied forth. Hope springs eternal in the human breast.

Berchtesgaden is nearly 1,700 kilometres distant from northern England. Driving time is today given as 18 hours. The trip would take days and we were running on empty. Faint heart never won fair lady so we four gritted our teeth, took deep breaths and got on our way. We stopped twice, once near Dover and also near Frankfurt. Here we discovered an idyllic village that might have been taken straight from the story book Hansel and Gretel.

A good night at the inn was had. The locals joined us as we fed the jukebox and joined in to sing what we thought were Nazi marching songs. No, they are simply age-old German ballads that the Waffen SS and Wehrmacht enjoyed singing too.

## DACHAU

As we drove south not to be missed was the Zeppelin Field near Nuremburg. This was the vast open-air stadium where each year the NSDAP held its rallies. Despite the best efforts of the Allied barbarians to destroy the stadium the main structures were still in place. We were in awe.

We were not in such wonderment when we visited Dachau. I think the term incredulous best summed up our feelings. The camp itself was much as it had been. Any serving British soldier even now would give his right arm for a barracks so pleasing.

There was very little to shock us during our visit to Dachau. By the 1970s it had been decided that as the death camp and gas chamber narrative clearly didn't hold up it was better to airily say those death camps were all in the Soviet Occupied sector. How convenient and clever for the wartime Germans to place their death camps in territory that would be overrun and occupied by the Red Army. Such prophetic powers of the Germans take the breath away. Mind you, having achieved all else they had been accused of such as burning 1,000 bodies at a time in a phone box sized incinerator who knows what magical things those extraordinary Europeans were able to do. As we toured Dachau and browsed the photographs, we shook our heads in disbelief. There were many photographs of inmates whose appearance suggested they were in perfectly good health. It is not tongue in cheek when I say that by contrast the British troops in 1945 were underfed rickets-infested skeletons.



I visit Dachau that was and is wrongly described as a death camp by the same smart asses who said that Saddam Hussein had nuclear and biological weapons. The victors and their media are well practiced liars. It seems that everyone is warred against for their wanting to take over the world. Who does the finger pointing? Why, England that by force of arms invaded over 200 of the world's 222 nations. We will not mention the United States which was just about to take over the world. We didn't buy the death camp propaganda and our visit to Dachau vindicated us.

Dachau prisoners photographed throughout the period of their captivity were wearing padded tunics to keep the poor dears warm. Sure, they were working in one role or another but in far better conditions than were British factory workers in 1950s. German servicemen unfortunate enough to fall into Allied hands were also put to work. However, none of these well-fed happy looking Dachau inmates were used to clear fields of mines. It was interesting also that these Dachau prisoners wore padded gloves when engaged in outside work.

Ah, shock-horror, there was on display a contraption over which a prisoner would be strapped in order that he be flogged. Such was occasionally required when criminal acts were committed by camp's inmates. David and I shook our heads. Birching was legal in British prisons. The last recorded case was 1972 nearly 35 years after Dachau was liberated. Whoa! Did I say LIBERATED? Dachau was an ALLIED prison camp for more years than it was a camp under Reich management. We four proceeded to the crematoria. The what? Ah, proof at last but then again, all communities use crematoria. People do die, don't they? Here at the Dachau theme park, we found we could purchase postcards ~ imagine ~ of crematoria used to incinerate the bodies of those who died. I wonder if my small Welsh community might allow me to photograph their crematoria for use as postcards and claim they were used to incinerate English invaders.

'Let's purchase a handful,' the rascally David says.

Looking at my friend I wondered had he lost his mind. 'Purchase them for what, David?'

'We can send them to British Members of Parliament with the message written on them 'Wish you were here.'

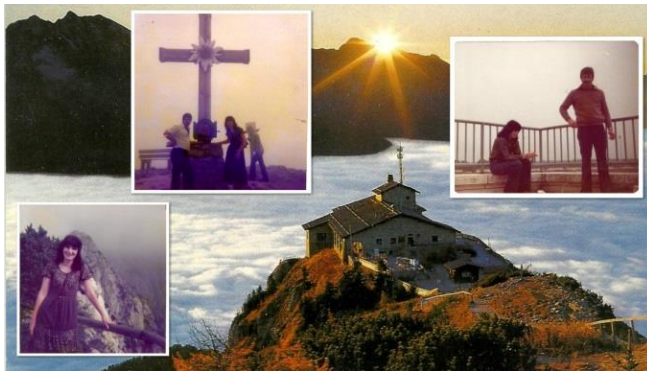
I smiled. 'Come on, it is time to go.'



These archive photos were taken by American troops on their arrival at Dachau. Do these inmates appear to be emaciated or ill-treated? This is real history. These images are never shown by Western television or published by print media.

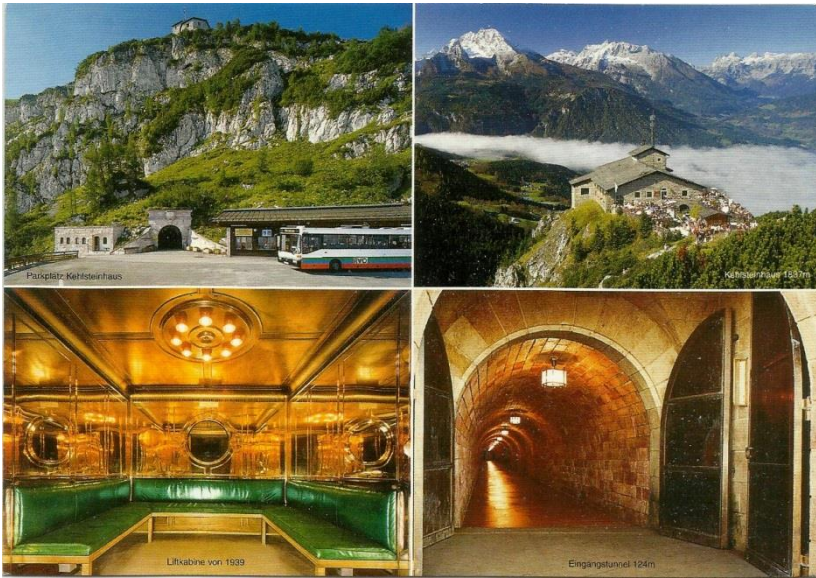
Finally, our car pulled into a car park situated in the charming town of Berchtesgaden. Set amidst the Alpine scenery with the Bavarian Alps as a backdrop this was the most idyllic location one was ever likely to experience. Looking at each other us four visitors looked like we had won the lottery of life. Now there was just one more step to take. It was August, it was sultry and we were thirsty. Having quaffed our bier we four then planned ahead.

Browsing the postcard and tourist information card carousels there was no indication that to be discovered near here was the location of the summer home of history's most fascinating man. Perhaps we had made a mistake; when you're an English speaker it is easy to confuse foreign names. At that moment I spotted a solitary postcard. It depicted an image of the bombed-out ruins of 'der Hitler haus'. In my poor German I asked a gnarled local peasant, 'Wo its der Hitler haus?' The old gentleman, attired in lederhosen, airily waved in the direction of Obersalzberg. I stupidly interpreted his gesture as 'just a short walk away.'



Michael and Suzanne McLaughlin are at Eagles Nest. Adolf Hitler's Mountain house was gifted to him by a grateful nation on the Fuhrer's 50<sup>th</sup> birthday April 20, 1939. The house was gifted to him by Martin Bormann drawing on NSDAP funds and royalties accrued by sales of Mein Kampf.

Well, it might be if you're a knobble-kneed man o' the mountains such as Rip van Winkle encountered. We less hardy folk were dripping in perspiration by the time we reached a village inn just one kilometre distant. The serving wench who's English was passable told us that it would be far easier to use our car as the platterhof was still some distance away. We trooped back to recover our car and from that point on we left the wheels to do the hill-climbing. I seem to recall that we travelled by mountain road for about 6 kilometres at which point our breath was taken away. Nothing had prepared us for the sight that befell us. Here was a stadium-sized plaza around which were placed well-ordered retail outlets. On sale were more Hitler related artefacts than you could swing a stick at. It was as if the German or Bavarian tourist authorities having done all they could to censor information about the 'shrine' had made a decision. There must be facilities ~ and a buck to be made from those hardy pilgrims who had ventured there through word-of-mouth recommendation.



Here is the final tunnel entrance that leads to Eagles Nest. To the right is Eagles Nest. Below left the elevator used by the Fuhrer and visitors. Bottom right the tunnel leading through the mountain to the elevator.

From this point on we couldn't have expected more surprises, all of them positive. The weather was heavenly as was the location. Here we found a fleet of modern powerful buses. Each coach was filling up fast with tourists who just happen to like mountain views. This is the Alps where there are thousands of mountain top retreats. It just so happens that tourists each year prefer this mountain. Despite the Europe-wide black-out of information hundreds of thousands of tourists visit Eagles Nest each year. They do so despite the fact that due to winter weather conditions Eagles Nest closes October until end of May.

We shelled out for bus tickets and we held our breath as our coach climbed in low gear the steepest gradients we had ever experienced. Occasionally I looked down through the coach windows. It was not a good idea if you suffer from vertigo. The forests below look like next door's lawn. It being August we awestruck visitors wore only light summer clothing. Not a good idea either as at such altitude even August is cold and the air thin.

The convoy of coaches pulled to a stop at a football field sized plateau nearer the summit. Here we discovered the entrance to a tunnel you could drive a bus through. This cavernous passageway takes us to the centre of the mountaintop. At the end of the tunnel that is perhaps 150 metres in length we joined scores of others in the largest and most beautiful lift (elevator) we had ever experienced. A few minutes later and we 'tourists' or pilgrims were disgorged at the restaurant and viewing platforms of Eagles Nest. We had finally made it. Was it worth it? Yes, even if it was necessary to walk back an unreserved yes.

## LLANGOLLEN MUSIC FEST



Tom from Kent shows members the ropes during a hilltop sojourn in Llangollen.

Each year an Eisteddfod a festival of international music takes place over several days in Llangollen, North Wales. The setting in the Berwyn range of mountains is internationally recognised for its scenic beauty. Most of the world's iconic classical musicians appear at the Welsh National Eisteddfod. So did the British Movement membership including the Leader Guard. The Eisteddfod is an occasion where British Movement members could socialise, relax with the party leader and comrades whilst receiving instruction.



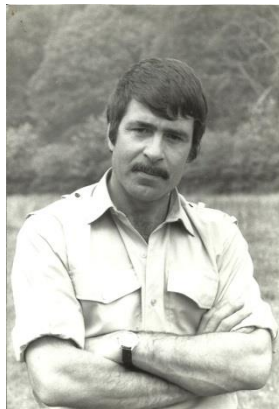
British Movement Leader McLaughlin addresses Leader Guard.



The rudiments of rock climbing, McLaughlin gives a demonstration during the Eisteddfod festival.



Suzanne McLaughlin at Llangollen Eisteddfod



McLaughlin at the Llangollen North Wales Festival of International music.

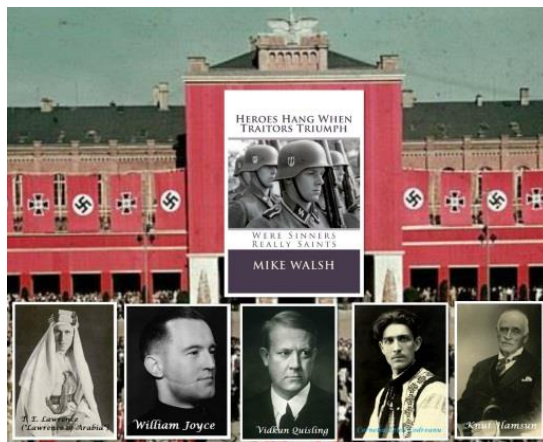
The internationally acclaimed festival was inspired by the need to heal wounds after World War Two. Initially, the festival was a small event. Many of its songs and music like *The Swedish Rhapsody* were to become worldwide hits. The most enchanting of all were the pig-tailed maidens of the defeated Reich. Their choir with its rendition of *We Like to go a Wandering* won the hearts of the world.

## HISTORIAN VIVIAN BIRD



Historian, researcher and author, official translator of Alfred Rosenberg's *Myth of the 20<sup>th</sup> Century*, was McLaughlin's close friend and mentor until his death.

Vivian Bird was perhaps the most academically erudite men McLaughlin had ever had the pleasure of meeting. Bird was the official English translator of Alfred Rosenberg's *Myth of the 20<sup>th</sup> Century*. An excellent historian he was a favourite with the Barnes Review editorial. He was also translator of the *Germanic Mythology* by Jakob Grimm. The former British Movement leader has a treasured copy signed by his academic mentor. The Devon-based historian was one of very few who could translate a very old regional German dialect. Bird's interest in Germany culture and its folklore was encyclopaedic. The reclusive researcher was once ensconced in the British Union of Fascists at a very high level.



The true account detailing the assassination of England's legendary Lawrence of Arabia is told in Mike Walsh -McLaughlin's book; *Heroes Hang When Traitors Triumph*.

As an historical researcher Bird discovered much about the relationship and assassination of T. E. Lawrence aka Lawrence of Arabia. The English author Henry Williamson (Tarka the Otter) was a local man too. Vivian Bird's findings on the mystery of Lawrence's killing are kept well under wraps. Bird was also an authority on the Great War mystery, *The Riddle of the Sands*. Vivian Bird knew well the saga's main players. A number of book titles rolled off his old Imperial typewriter and much of his material was published in *Barnes Review*.

Vivian Bird mentored McLaughlin throughout his political career. The academic was quick to praise and to comment. A source of still useful material and where necessary he was always on hand to correct the Party leader. On several occasions McLaughlin stayed at Widdecombe Manor situated in Chagford, Devon. This was the manse seat of Vivian Bird, his wife Veronica and their daughter.

R. D Blackmore's classic *Lorna Doone* was based on the manor's 17<sup>th</sup> Century romantic tragedy. McLaughlin's encounters with ghosts whilst staying at the Birds' countryside manse would make one's hair stand on end. He says, 'Vivian and I were very close. I was the only political figure to attend his funeral. I miss you very much, my dear friend. 'To live in the hearts of those you leave behind is not to die.'

#### **JAMES K. WARNER**



James K. Warner with David Duke, Mike McLaughlin  
And blue shirted Leader Guard, Diksmuide, Belgium

My friend, James K. Warner was an extremely talented and presentable man. A founder member of George Lincoln Rockwell's American Nazi Party James was founder of the American States Rights Party and editor of *Thunderbolt*. A prolific publisher and distributor of Christian and ethnic European educational material it is unfortunate that I lost touch with him.

## DAVID DUKE



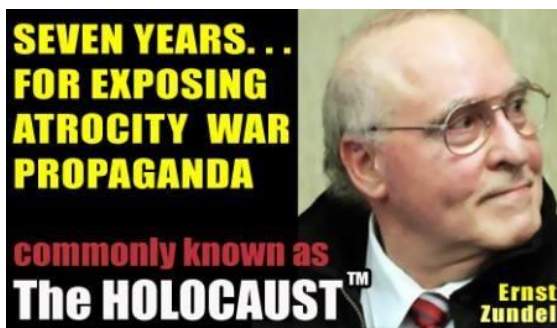
Contemporary image of David Duke

David Duke's really is an American success story. It was a pleasure and a privilege to make the popular leader's acquaintance. As arranged we met in the English border town of Chester. After pressing the flesh our small group retired to the Queens Hotel opposite the city's railway station. There we discussed our common interests and set the format for future co-operation.



Café society in Diksmuide: Michael McLaughlin with Linda Tidy and in the background J B Stoner in discussion with activists.

**TRIBUTE TO ERNST ZUNDEL (1939 ~ 2017)**  
**‘THE DEAD ARE ONLY DEAD WHEN WE STOP TALKING ABOUT THEM’**



GERMAN Canadian holocaust fraud investigator Ernst Zundel

When in 1968 I joined Colin Jordan's British Movement I was immediately appointed Liverpool Unit's Co-ordinator. With many others I immersed myself not only in British National Socialism but I got to know others of my generation around the world. One of my new friends and mentors back then was GERMAN-Canadian holocaust fraud investigator, Ernst Zundel. Ernst was involved in the Kampf before me and so he did exceed fifty years of struggle. I am still to be tested; my 50<sup>th</sup> anniversary has to wait unto 2018. Like his mentor, Adolf Hitler, Ernst too was a fine artist.

Throughout those years we two old battlers kept in touch. We confided in each other. When spirits flagged, we picked each other up. I am fortunate as at my age it will not be too long before we two meet up again. On August 5, 2017, Ernst stumbled. He dropped his baton which is our baton too. We pick it up and this is the best tribute of all. Ernst, you escaped your tormentors after humiliating and defeating them. The time will come when parks, esplanades, squares and libraries will be named in your honour. Rest in Peace, comrade, there are few more deserving than you, a true comrade joins the already tried and fallen.

**THE END OF AN ERA**



Every attempt to silence McLaughlin failed. Upon his release from prison the Party continued to grow in strength and prestige. There was one final attempt to silence McLaughlin by bankrupting the British Movement.

Raymond Hill was a known criminal. In 1968 Raymond Hill was a confidant and friend of Colin Jordan. That year Raymond Hill had taken to his heels after being arrested for causing a fracas in a café. The ex-labourer was now fugitive from justice. In the company of Glennis his long-suffering wife Hill departed for apartheid South Africa. No sooner had Hill and his wife descended the airliner's steps than the fugitive from justice fell into step with the anti-apartheid anti-European Jewish brigade. As the shadowy group's informant Raymond Hill infiltrated and soon gained the leadership of the South African National Front.

Hill returned to England in 1980 and formed a relationship with Anthony Reed-Herbert. Reed-Herbert was a solicitor who allegedly defended those accused under Britain's notorious Race Relations Act. McLaughlin, suspicious that the solicitor was likely running with the hare and the hounds turned down Reed-Herbert's invitation to defend him when the British Movement leader was placed on trial.

Raymond Hill was never a card-carrying British Movement member. The oddity simply infiltrated and ingratiated himself with the Movement's membership that was largely unsophisticated in matters of subversion such as divide and conquer. McLaughlin refused Hill a British Movement card and offered him no position. The thwarted Raymond Hill simultaneously was engaged by Maurice Ludmer's *Searchlight* anti-Fascist publication and group. Raymond Hill kept *Searchlight* and Gerry Gable's cultish cabal fully informed of British Movement members' activities and passed on their identity details. However, Hill was far more than an informant. The fugitive who was never gaoled on his return to England was the main source of rumour in which McLaughlin's reputation was placed in question.

Former hard-working British Movement activists were easily charmed by the confident and to them experienced activist. Low on funds the British Movement leader was at the time isolated in his North Wales office. Whilst he was attending to the distractions of leadership the *Searchlight*-funded Raymond Hill was free to roam England. Raymond Hill was also accepted by the then National Front and similar parties and associations that did grant him membership and position.

Despite the Party leader's warnings about the subversive intentions of Raymond Hill there was fragmentation within the Party. There was caused enough internal dissent to seriously weaken the Movement. The coup de grace was Raymond Hill's legally challenging McLaughlin's leadership. In his strategy Hill could be certain of the support of Colin Jordan who knew well of Hill's background. At this time the disgraced former British Movement founder had retired to his palatial pad set in the remote Yorkshire vales. Jordan also had a home in the Scottish Highlands near Dalbaig. Jordan welcomed the opportunity to oust McLaughlin.

The British Movement leader, low on funds, was faced by a legal bill and debilitating court procedure that was far beyond his means. To proceed would lead to his bankruptcy which it did eventually anyway. The subversive Raymond Hill had succeeded where the British media had failed. The Marxists and the political establishment had won the last battle. Thanks to Hill, who later boasted of his success on radio and television, their sinister forces were assisted by the naivety, betrayal and

inertia of many Party members. Raymond Hill in his book *Over the Hill* conceded that McLaughlin was the only political leader with the wit to see him for what he was. This revelation was grudgingly conceded by John Tyndall of the National Front.



McLaughlin at his gun store Rucksack and Rifle in Wrexham, North Wales

### BEWARE BRITAIN'S ROGUE PUBLISHERS

Dissidents writing under censorious regimes are vulnerable to state persecution and media vilification. But, a gaol sentence ends and media slurs can be endured. What are intolerable are parasitic back-stabbing UK publishers who steal their clients' hard-earned royalties whilst pretending to help them.

When it was suggested that I approach a UK publisher to add my titles I told the well-meaning correspondent that I wouldn't touch a British publisher with a bargepole. I didn't name names; in my experience British publishers of dissidents' books should all be carousing with Jews in the bathhouses.

Conventionally, authors receive 10% to 15% of their book's cover price in royalties. In 1996 Historical Review Press published *Witness to History*. Not once during the following 21-years did I receive a penny in royalties from HRP for this recurrently popular title. In fact, HRP never told me they were selling my book. I learned of this theft only through a friend.

HRP over-printed on all book orders I placed. Thus, I found British Movement was competing against a publishing house that had the advantage of a much greater marketplace. The Brighton-based publisher illegally and without informing me overprinted all my submitted titles. These included *Special Weapons and Tactics*, *Behind Enemy Lines*, *Death of a City*, *Theory of Subversive Action*, *How to See in the Dark*, *Total Resistance* and a number of U.S Army manuals. I paid the publishing costs of these and more book titles. The purpose of my publishing these books was to use the royalties and profits to help fund the British Movement.

Shortly after explaining to my correspondent why I would never consider placing my book titles with a UK publisher I received a sanctimonious email from a Simon Sheppard. He had purchased HRP aka Heretical Press following the death of hotelier Anthony Hancock. Sheppard says arrangements made between writers and the

previous publisher did not concern him. That's a new one on me or any other genuine business person.

Sheppard went on to claim that the matter of royalties was blurred by his belief that former NF Chairman John Tyndall had edited *Witness to History*. A friend of John Tyndall, I met him on occasions before his death in 2005. John never mentioned his having edited my book. His being a man of integrity I doubt very much he would have done so.

So, there is a neat way for you to make money: You edit a Jeffrey Archer or Wilbur Smith book title without asking permission and it is you who gets the royalties and not their book's authors. A nice scam but highly illegal.

With more chutzpah than a Jewish market trader, Simon Sheppard charges me with misappropriation of National Front funds. I have never been a member of the National Front and I have never met Ian Anderson who Sheppard accuses of embezzlement. Sheppard says this further complicates my right to my hard-earned royalties on books I had authored. How such bizarre allegation justifies misappropriating my royalties he does not explain. Simon Sheppard of HRP (Heretical Press) goes on to say, 'there is the matter of your personal appropriation of a large legacy left to the British Movement.'

Fact: I never resigned as the leader of the British Movement and in accordance with the party's constitution I am still the party's leader. Upon his death in the early 1980s a patriot bequeathed a modest sum to be equally divided between the then National Front and the British Movement.

To the complete satisfaction of the firm of solicitors responsible for the disbursement of the will and banks handling the arrangement I proved my constitutional status as the Party's leader. The sum legally transferred in the early 1980s was used not for my personal use but helped part settle the British Movement's outstanding debts.

The British Movement's dire financial situation might have been avoided if HRP publishers had not plundered the leader's book royalties over many years. Presumably the British Movement was not the only one to enrich HRP and other rogue publishers over many years.

Again, as though to twist the knife between my shoulder blades, Sheppard adds to my outrage by conceding that he has paid my royalties in kind to the leader of the hijacked British Movement. Historical Review Press cheated me thrice over by also overprinting and selling against me and by their withholding or passing on my royalties. Members will now realise why they were called upon to financially support the British Movement. This explains why I warn any writer from ever inviting a British publisher to show an interest in his or her book.

## **AFTER THE BRITISH MOVEMENT**

McLaughlin in 1983 with a wife and two baby sons assisted by Alan Winder a loyal Party member managed a rented gun store in Wales. He had little choice. The British Movement had by then few members and had exhausted the meagre funds in the Party's bank account. McLaughlin had a wife, responsibilities and a mortgage. Two infant sons born 10 months apart would soon be on their way. To cap it all

Arthur and Mary Calland having generously provided a substantial property to the Movement rent-free for several years needed their property returned to the market. The British Movement was now homeless.



Michael with display of guns and imported knives.

The double-fronted store in Wrexham, North Wales was very popular. Visitors arrived from all over the United Kingdom. McLaughlin at the time was writing articles for a number of national outdoor-related magazines.

When in 1989 gun-ownership was legally hamstrung McLaughlin, the owner of Wrexham-based business Rucksack and Rifle store, was headhunted by the prestigious Guild of Master Craftsmen. For the following twenty years the former British Movement leader was to dominate the elite executive of Britain's most prestigious quality assurance regulatory body. For several years McLaughlin was also a member vetting and validation scout for the Federation of Master Builders.

At one point he was engaged as a lecturer on small press publishing by the University of Liverpool. The former leader of the British Movement retired in 2008 and the same month he re-located to Spain. The health service in Spain which he very much needed is far superior to Britain's multi-racial mismanaged dog's breakfast of a health service. Besides, in Spain the climate is far better for those with bronchial and arthritis related problems. The cost of living is lower. Spain as a retirement option is a no-brainer for a semi-retired recluse who simply wants to write until the coffin lid silences him.

Since his retirement McLaughlin often using his mother's maiden name, Walsh has authored and added over 70 book titles to his achievements. Of the total number of Michael Walsh or Mike Walsh books over one dozen provide true history narratives of the Workers Reich and Adolf Hitler. A dozen poetry collections have been added as have a further dozen on diverse subjects ranging from crime, mercenary warfare, business advice, and recording his latter career as a journalist and broadcaster.

## IN RETROSPECT



Michael McLaughlin was never a conscript to fate. From his earliest beginning he wanted only to write. When fourteen-years old he was a pupil at the then Crosby Road Secondary Modern School in Waterloo, Liverpool. His English teacher was impressed by the youngster's ability to express himself in writing. Miss Illingsworth once wrote: 'Michael has the ability to become a William Shakespeare.'

First a writer needs the heady wine of inspiration. This can be drunk only after the bottle of life is opened. As with all writers and artistes the means to keep one solvent and fed was the overriding priority as life must go on. When in 1968 he had put his name forward for British Movement membership his fond belief was that his writing skills would be put to good use. These aids would of course be setting out the Party's aims and objectives whilst perhaps editing news periodicals.

When Jordan resigned the party's leadership became vacant. Despite McLaughlin's reluctance to assume leadership he conceded. McLaughlin's activism and leadership was to span just fifteen years from 1968~1983. By comparison he was a seaman from 1959~1966 and Guild of Master Craftsman membership executive from 1989~2008.

Since retiring in 2008 he has finally achieved his ambition. As a contributor, essayist, journalist and columnist McLaughlin penned work for a variety of British and American periodicals. His first assignment was for a national magazine, *The Survivalist* in 1985. His professional writing career has spanned thirty-one years. For several years McLaughlin was a columnist for *Euro Weekly News*. The newspaper has a readership estimated at 550,000. During this period his columns placed his thoughts on global politics. McLaughlin wrote for all but one or two of Mediterranean Spain's English language media.

By 2015 the former British Movement leader had co-written over twenty book titles for established and new authors. His favourites included the odyssey of a former colleague an Indian gentleman. Another of his favourite works was in collaboration with a Zambian woman whose odyssey could only be described as exemplary.

Still 'approaching retirement' the bane of the leftist-liberal elite adds yet another title to over 70 books so far that carry his name on their front cover. Whilst no doubt his spin-free books on the Workers Reich draw the flak and the plaudits these topics make up only thirteen or fourteen of the total Michael / Mike Walsh authorship library.

His one indulgence is that of a poet. Michael Walsh over fifty years composed approximately 1000 poems and soliloquy. Of course, ‘anyone can write poetry’. The proof of the pudding is in the eating. Michael’s poetry has earned the praise of a wide diversity of peoples, whose world is without frontiers, a world without class or wealth.

Michael Walsh-McLaughlin is arguably the most prolific poet in the history of Britain and Ireland. His verse has earned him considerable acclaim; tributes poured in from government ministers, household names in commerce, theatre, literature and the Church. Is there anything to be added? Yes, his YouTube verse has been enjoyed by tens of thousands. The lyrics of his most successful poem *The Oldest Love Letter* were put to song by the American balladeer and songwriter Robert Lloyd.

## THE CONSPIRACIES OF FATE

The thought-provoking mysterious coincidences that link the man dubbed, The Fuhrer’s English Martyr with the Southport born Michael McLaughlin who, after the war’s end, redeemed the German leader and paid tribute to the National Socialist standard.



James Larratt Battersby (1907–1955)

When better known, the English born prophet James Larratt Battersby (1907–1955) will find his name ranked with that of Gottfried Feder (German), Alfred Rosenberg (Estonian), William Joyce (Irish-American), John Amery (English), Cesare Santoro and Miguel Serrano (Chilean).

James ‘Jim’ Larratt Battersby (1907 – 1955) was born into the well-to-do family of hat makers, Battersby & Co. The Stockport-based manufacturer was one of Britain’s largest hat makers. Its 1,000 employees produced 12,000 hats each week and it enjoyed international trade.

During the 1930s James Battersby’s opposition to war with Germany and his evangelical adoration of Adolf Hitler would have threatened the hat making firm’s profitability. As a fashion accessory the 1,000-employee company’s product would mean many of its retail clients would be Jewish. Battersby’s family firm’s profitability would be irreparably damaged by Jewish trade boycotts. Sanctions were applied to any firm known to be sympathetic towards the real socialism of the

Workers Reich. It must have been hard to see their director son leave his firm. A rich and influential pillar of the social community James had the world at his feet. Instead, Adolf Hitler's English disciple chose a life of penury and prison. James Junior had bitter experience of England's futile wars with Germany. His father, also named James, was the last passenger to leave the torpedoed RMS Lusitania after the superliner had been used in a failed attempt to involve the U.S in the 1914-1918 war with Germany. During the Great War, James Battersby's brother, Edgar, was killed during the Battle of Arras. It was a battle in which Corporal Adolf Hitler had fought with distinction. Another brother, Ernest, died in Rouen.



Oswald Mosley takes centre stage in London during the struggle to keep Britain out of Churchill's war. Mike Walsh McLaughlin addressed crowds in Brick Lane in London

During the turbulent 1930s Battersby joined Oswald Mosley's British Union of Fascists. An impassioned orator he spoke at public meetings in support of Lancashire's traditional cotton industries. England's political and banking elite, the aristocracies and Jewish profiteers, were heavily investing in the sub-continent's sweatshops. Battersby wanted no truck with transferring British jobs to the poorly paid slaves of India, the 'jewel in the treacherous British crown'.

As might be expected, the dissident's 'save British jobs' public meetings were constantly disrupted by the state-protected anti-working-class Reds. Battersby argued that 'Lancashire was being sacrificed to interests that were exploiting backward peoples to choke the Western world with sweat labour goods.'

The political elite and the Reds had Fleet Street's powerful public relations lobby on their side. James Battersby, one of Britain's greatest socialists, was constantly in their sights. James Battersby, prodigal son, writer and prophet, philosopher and author was arrested in June 1940. The charges against the father of four' were founded on the writer's pacifism and his outspoken support for National Socialist Germany. The writer had been arrested under notorious Defence Regulation Act 18B.

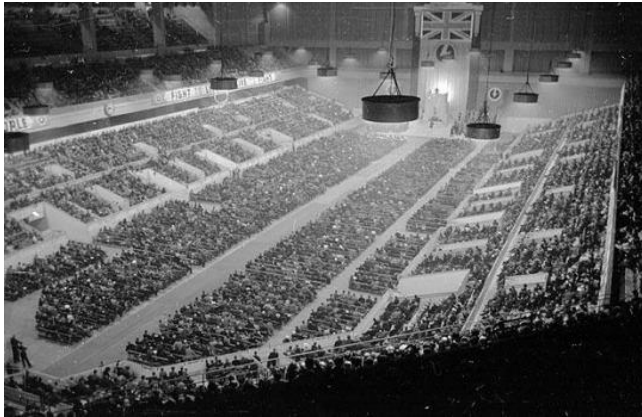
'Let us be fair to these people who were imprisoned under 18B, and let us remember that they have never been accused of any crime; not only have they not been convicted of any crime, but they have never been accused of any crime.'

This should be remembered in all fairness to them,' said Lord Jowett, Lord Chancellor in an address to the House of Lords, December 11, 1946.

Before being sent to the hastily improvised Latchmere House concentration camp the Stockport born philosopher would likely have spent a period in either HM Prisons in Liverpool or Manchester. Caged with many other pacifists and anti-war protestors, James Battersby was to later recount his experiences in his book, 'The Bishop Said Amen' (1947). Writing of his concentration camp experiences the author wrote: 'Everything possible was done to agitate, frustrate and torment us.'



Oswald Mosley was the most popular nationalist leader in British history



The largest public meetings in British history were held at Olympia in London. Here, British Union of Fascists leader, Oswald Mosley, addresses a packed rally.

Charlie Watts, a British Union of Fascists member, recalls his fellow prisoner's experiences in the detention centre. The former Westminster St. George District Leader wrote of the starvation diet anti-war prisoners were put on. The Londoner tells of physical violence and threats of the prisoners being put before a firing squad 'if they caused trouble.'



Camp 020 interrogators and German spy Karel Richter, 18 May 1941. From left to right, we have: Major R.W.G. Stephens, Camp 020 Commandant (promoted to Lt. Col. in June/July 1941)

Lt. G.F. Sampson, Camp 020 Asst. Commandant (promoted to Captain in June/July 1941), Lt. R.A.F. Short (promoted to Captain between June and Sept 1941), Karel Richter – captured German spy, executed 10 December 1941, Captain D.B. Stimson, in charge of Camp 020 Administration Lt. E.B. Goodacre, interrogator. In addition to the men pictured above, two other officers were involved in the interrogations of Josef and Richter, Lt. A.D. Meurig Evans and 2nd Lt. T.L. Winn.



Interrogators at Camp 020 in 1941 (Top L-R) 1. Colonel (later Brigadier) Robin William George 'Tin Eye' Stephens, Commandant of Camp 020, Latchmere House. 2. Major George Frederick Sampson, diplomat and interrogator at Camp 020 in 1941; Assistant Commandant under Major R.W.G. Stephens.

3. Lieutenant Roland Alfred Frederick Short, one of the MI5 officers at Camp 020, Latchmere House. Travel Clerk and Interrogator at Camp 020 during 1941, Bottom: 4. Douglas Bernard Stimson, 'Stimmy', Tailor and Administrator at Camp 020 during 1941. 5. Lt. Edward Brereton Goodacre – Historian and Interrogator at Camp 020 in 1941. 6. Dr. Harold Dearden, Psychiatrist, the resident doctor at Camp 020. He experimented in techniques of torment that left few marks, methods that could be denied by the torturers and that civil servants and government ministers could disown.

Throughout Britain were situated 1,050 concentration camps with more being located in the Dominions such as Australia and Canada. Later, both prisoners of conscience were transferred to what was commonly known as 'The Ascot Concentration Camp'. There, the two men became firm friends.

When later transferred to a camp situated on the Isle of Man James Battersby became a close friend of fellow prisoner, Captain Thomas Baker. In the captain's opinion Adolf Hitler was the reincarnation of Christ the Saviour and services were held for the German leader. When in 1943 Battersby was released from his trials and tribulations an offer to broadcast his views to the British nation was rejected.

Following the war, Battersby led a religious community known as The League of Christian Reformers or alternatively the Christian Herald Group. The religious order's headquarter in West Sussex was donated by a wealthy barrister who was a member of the British Union of Fascists. During the services Adolf Hitler was worshipped as the deity returned to rid the world of the Devil.

The religious order's activities incensed the Chosen Ones, the Reds and Britain's political elite. However, the Home Secretary, Chuter Ede, refused to close the religious order down.

On December 8, 1945, a Bolshevik youth newspaper joined the Westminster chorus to rid itself of the Christian Order. During a Moscow broadcast the Communist Party members protested about 'a group of people in a certain country as having set itself up to create a party to which the name of Adolf Hitler is sacred. The Bolsheviks broadcast screamed: 'This is like giving freedom to spread the germs of the plague.' The Moscow-funded group complained that the Order regarded Hitler 'as a divine instrument'.

The religious order's activities came to an end following an 'unofficial raid'. This was commented on by Tom Driberg, Member of Parliament. The promiscuous homosexual MP was to afterwards crow that there was no point in police arresting him for his activities with men in public toilets. Before the cell keys turned the desk sergeant would receive a call instructing him to release Driberg and his fellow pervers.

Battersby returned to his native Stockport. Without pause he continued the struggle against the forces of darkness that had overwhelmed the Worker's Reich, Russia, much of Europe and had seized power in Britain. In 1949 the legendary campaigner relocated to South Africa with the intention of erecting memorial institutes to Adolf Hitler. After his being declared 'an undesirable immigrant' James Battersby returned to England via Australia.

Hitler's martyr was arrested and charged when the tireless campaigner disrupted the 1952 annual two-minute silence at the London Cenotaph. Britain's pro-Soviet

authorities used Soviet methods in a foiled attempt to have the writer sectioned under the much-abused Mental Health Act. Had his tormentors succeeded then the dissident would have been placed in a mental institution and the keys thrown away. Battersby's pinstriped Bolshevised assailants were frustrated by his producing affidavits from three Harley Street doctors who had testified as to the dissident's sanity.

Battersby represented himself at the court hearing. During the trial he said he had spoken with 'the deepest sense of responsibility to God and my fellow countrymen'. He added that for 25 years he had been a student of theology, divinity and eschatology (study of death, judgement and the final destiny of the soul and of humankind). Addressing the court, the religious martyr said his words had nothing to do with any one country but were addressed to the entirety of mankind; a mankind in which Adolf Hitler was worshipped as a divine force of nature.

Battersby, whose address was given as York Terrace, Southport, England, was remanded in custody for one week and fined £10 on a charge of 'using insulting behaviour'.

In 1955, Jim Battersby left his Southport lodgings after writing to a local newspaper. In his epistle he explained that: 'My work here is complete. I follow the Fuehrer to glory and eternity. Through the sacrifice of the Aryan martyrs our world victory is assured. Heil Hitler.'

Taking the bus or train to Liverpool 15-miles distant from Southport the dissident strode to the Maritime City's Pier Head. There, the Fuehrer's English martyr purchased a ticket and boarded a ferry that routinely takes passengers across the mile-wide River Mersey.

As soon as the ferry immortalised in Gerry and the Pacemakers hit single Ferry across the Mersey left the quayside, the eternal vigilant plunged into the seething waters of this great river. A fitting end; for centuries the uterus-shaped River Mersey had acted as the birth canal of the European Diaspora.

When Battersby's body was pulled from the waters Hitler's prophet was found to have been decapitated by the ship's propellers. Battersby had chosen to depart suddenly and without the prolonged agony endured by those who drown. Heil Hitler.



The Birkenhead Ferry

**END NOTE:** Fate or circumstances, without knowing anything of the Battersby legend, I felt an affinity with James Larratt Battersby. Southport is well-known to me. I was born in the seaside resort's Lathom Road just a few hundred metres from the martyr's lodgings. Throughout my life I would have walked the same roads. Today, the reproduction artworks that adorn my walls were purchased in Lord Street, the small town's main street. Later on, in life I visited Stockport often and without realising its connections was familiar with the Battersby & Co hat making company.

Like Battersby, I too was hounded, harassed and sent to prison after a trial in which I too was without representation. During my term of imprisonment, I was also intimidated, threatened and terrorised by prison officers. My offence was my outspoken opposition to the British plutocracy's immigration policies. I was gaoled for prophesying the swamping of Britain by non-European immigrants. Everything has turned out just as I had foreseen.

I served the first weeks of my 6 x 4-month prison sentence in Her Majesty's Walton Prison; I visited and familiarised myself with the equally grim Victoria Strangeways Prison in Manchester.

My father worked at Cammell Lairds shipbuilders and lived in Birkenhead so I would have frequently used the same ferry as that used by Jim Battersby when he shrugged off his mortal coil. And then, having discovered an old dog-eared copy of The Holy Book of Adolf Hitler, I became instrumental in spreading his message worldwide. Yes, God certainly does act in mysterious ways.

### **TODAY, NONE DARE SPEAK HIS NAME**



Mike Walsh McLaughlin during a visit to Malaga

Mainstream media notoriously spins news to shape opinion that it will better conform to the government line. George Orwell described it thus: 'At any given moment there is orthodoxy, a body of ideas which it is assumed all right-thinking people will accept without question.'

The onset of the internet changed everything. For the first time in publishing history the omnipotence of media is destroyed. Take away an audience addicted to voyeurism, celebrity news, sport, fashion, holiday offers and lifestyle issues and there is nothing left of real news media. That was the news that was.

How things changed over such a short period of time. As leader of the British Movement, I was never out of the newspapers whilst radio and TV presentations were routine.

With amusement I recall boarding a coach in London. As I took my seat, I found myself looking at a large photograph of myself in that day's daily newspaper. Similar images of me had been shown around the world, television too. The interest was hardly earth-shattering: I and fellow dissidents had that week campaigned for the release of Rudolf Hess.

I recall a publicity gaining ruse certain to grab us high profile exposure. Prior to demonstrations, marches and meetings, we would post a Press Release to news rooms. Eureka! We couldn't pay for the publicity our notoriety received in that evening's TV broadcasts and next day's newspapers.

The price we did pay was vulnerability and impotence. The hacks news stories shamelessly vilified us and our cause. In their content you couldn't tell the difference between the Tory Daily Telegraph, Labour supporting Daily Mirror or Trotskyist Socialist Worker. The hacks names changed but the hate spiel was the same.

The smug palace scribblers knew that our newsletters couldn't hope to answer them in kind. It was bows against the barons and for the gutter press those were halcyon days

Today, in terms of reach and influence we are 100,000 times more effective than we were during the 1960s onwards ~ but we are no longer newsworthy? The internet changed everything. No longer will you see mentioned in media the names of those campaigning for ethnic-European interests.

For the first time in history the holocaust fraud detectives are the unmentionables. Taboo, the names or exploits of those who fight the ethnic-European corner. You never see mentioned a single British / European ethnic nationalist or their successes in what used to be mainstream media.

There was a time when I could have made the headlines simply by sending Press Release bait to News Rooms: 'Nazi Mike Walsh Promotes Race Hate Propaganda.'

Today, such would be ignored. In the unlikely event hacks fell for it the breaking story would provide me or rather my truth book titles with thousands of Google generated leads.

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### **READERS INVITATION**

**RISE OF THE SUN WHEEL** Mike Walsh-McLaughlin. The charismatic leader of the 1960s-1980s legendary British (National Socialist) Movement. Relive the rallies, marches, street fighting, organisation, learn from a training manual for future fighters, gaol time, international campaigns, smuggling dissident literature. Michael Walsh and his Leader Guard were the last National Socialists to address mass crowds at Trafalgar Square and East London's Brick Lane. Discover a still fighting revolutionary veteran who built Europe's finest revolutionary party of ethnic-socialists since WWII.

If you like a book and wish to support the author you make a simple donation to his bank account.

Enjoy the FREE download and perhaps be kind enough to drop Michael a line and modest donation into Michael's bank account by saying hello to the author at [keyboardcosmetics@gmail.com](mailto:keyboardcosmetics@gmail.com)

## BOOK TWO

### ‘WE ARE NOT THE LAST OF YESTERDAY BUT THE FIRST OF TOMORROW.’

Britain’s struggle for national and ethnic salvation limped on from 1984 but nothing was going to be as it had been in the past. Both left and the right largely evaporated whilst Britain’s elite, bank-funded and ring-fenced by complicit media, consolidated its grip. Former National Front Leader and Spearhead editor John Tyndall had formed the British National Party in 1982. I had been invited to edit its tabloid newspaper; was I interested?

In 1968 I was attracted to the newly formed British Movement but the idea of party leadership never crossed my mind. I was ambitious and today I hold the same ambitions and I relentlessly pursue them. But, political leadership was not for me. As a natural born writer my purpose would be to inform, educate and inspire through the written and spoken word. I suppose if I likened myself to anyone it was to the role rather than the mirror image of editor of pre-war Germany’s *Völkischer Beobachter*, the N.S.D.A.P newspaper from 1920.



I was unimpressed by Arnold Leece’s Gothic Ripples and Julius Streicher’s *Der Sturmer*, which periodicals were neither my style nor taste. I also knew that veteran publicist John Tyndall was his own man. Much as we two were convivial associates and friends John was not going to give me free rein. I had my own ideas on newspaper presentation which surfaced in the earlier published *Phoenix* and *The Fact Finder* supplement. Both had a good track record. Both tabloids were so popular that

each issue's 4,000 print-run was snapped up as soon as the paper sellers arrived on city streets. I recall giving Valerie, John Tyndall's wife, a lift to the railway station. A delightful woman and engaging company we two chatted off the record. During our car ride she confided in me.

'Michael, I confess to doing no more than glancing at John's *Spearhead* (periodical). It is a tedious diatribe of constantly recycled opinionated philosophical and political comment. However, we almost fight each other to read *The Phoenix* when it arrives.'

The secret of my paper's success was my learning from the masters of newspaper presentation, propaganda and spin; Britain's mainstream media. Allow me to explain: ask a friend or colleague what political newspaper they read. Reacting with shock they will deny stooping to read a political newspaper. No, their response will be: 'I read the Daily Mirror or Daily Mail, Daily Telegraph or The Times.'

However, the content of mainstream media is as politically compromised as anything you find in Soviet era Pravda or Izvestia. The difference is that the political spin is so subtle and camouflaged that few notice that they are constantly being programmed to think the way of the media masters. When Michael Wharton, then a British Broadcasting Corporation producer saw some members of a BBC TV camera crew sobbing he asked them why they were crying. They replied 'Joe Stalin has died'. Wharton replied 'it's a pity he was ever born!' They never spoke to him again.

I took the view that to achieve political success a newspaper's political content and spin must be couched in such a way that readers are unaware of the subliminal shaping of their thinking processes.



You might recall those childhood comics in which carefully crafted illustrations invited you to find the animals or people hidden in the foliage; could you find all ten or twelve?

Western media output is the same. I recall listening to CLASSIC FM's profiling of Russian composer Sergei Rachmaninoff. Irresistible, the production team felt obliged to have a poke at 'Hitler's Nazis.' A similar profile on Dmitri Shostakovich elicited opportunity to launder the image of Dictator Joseph Stalin and his Bolshevik regime. So, it is with every mainstream media; the political propaganda is carefully interwoven between the lines, it lunges from cartoons and it poisons with pictures. Everything about Western media content is anti-White negatives; ethnic-Europeans at their worst. Simultaneously, news and comment of favoured races and nations is artfully made positive.



During South Africa's stable and prosperous era of Ethnic Self Development BBC and ITV journalists were constantly caught setting up stories to dupe British viewers. A common trick employed by TV crews was to toss loose coins into trash bins. African kids would scramble into the bins to recover the coins. This activity was filmed and the footage later captioned or narrated accordingly: 'In Apartheid South Africa the Whites live well whilst African children feed from rubbish bins.'



As the editor of The Phoenix, I was primed to fight fire with fire; I did so very successfully with The Phoenix and its supplement Fact Finder. I didn't think it necessary to match the mainstream media in volume. I took the view that 20,000 copies of the Phoenix circulated hand-to-hand would undermine the entire crooked mainstream media set-up.

Is this a fanciful notion? Not at all; by example one copy of the 4,000 Fact Finder print-run focused on the deliberate starvation of 10 million Ukrainian Christian martyrs by Jewish Bolsheviks. That 8-page issue in photographs, quotations and indisputable facts told the truth about that awful period of megacide.

Predictably, Britain's mainstream media *Daily Star* reacted with incandescent rage. The newspaper's editorial slammed me for using images of Nazi concentration camp victims and blaming such atrocities on the innocent Soviet Union. The *Daily*

*Star's* editorial team would however know that the images published in *Fact Finder* first appeared in the Swedish press in 1926. This was seven years before Adolf Hitler and the National Socialist German Workers Party (N.S.D.A.P) was elected.

The point I make is that my small 4,000 Phoenix / Fact Finder print-run was facing down and exposing mainstream media that was selling in the tens of millions. The small voice was being heard over their cacophony and they did not like it. Had I enjoyed access to the far better financed National Front newspaper editorship I would have set Britain aflame. Sadly, in my view, John (Tyndall) wanted to do things his way rather than mine; I would be just a name on page.2. Maybe he should have taken the advice of his wife, Valerie.

## NOT AN END BUT A NEW BEGINNING

In the early 1980s I had been deposed by the intrigues of the orchestrated establishment via Raymond Hill's well-funded attempt to challenge my leadership of the British Movement. Simultaneously, the artful Hill successfully subverted, divided and demotivated a significant section of British Movement's membership. I simply could not raise the funds or devote the time needed for defending myself through the laborious British legal system.

Raymond Hill knew it and so did I. It was time to unsaddle. Am I bitter? No, not at all; the Jewish conspirator had done his job well. My only regret was that the ethnic-nationalist political community was simply no equal to the Left when it came to sophistication of methodology. In political terms 'the right' was boys in a man's world; it told in the outcome.

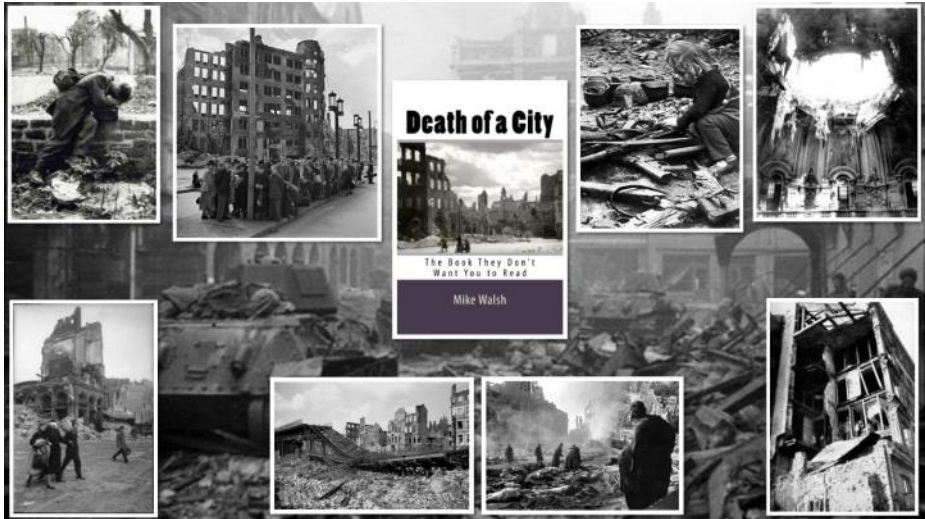
I was under no illusions; neither Hitler nor Mussolini can make a silk purse from a sow's ear. Sure, I had my politically street wise stalwarts of which some are given due credit in *The Rise of The Sunwheel*. Alas, we were too few in number and underfunded we were impotent against the power of the orchestrated establishment.

My two sons were born in 1984. I now had a mortgage thanks to Suzanne's parents forking out the deposit. Had we depended on crumbs occasionally tossed by the diminishing British Movement membership we would have starved? It might truthfully be said that I didn't leave the British Movement, the British Movement left me.

The newly rented store Rucksack and Rifle had initially been stocked by London Leader Guard stalwart Alan Winder. As a W. H. Smith's bookstore manager Alan had access to a vast quantity of remaindered books. Those surplus titles related to outdoor pursuits which Alan donated to the store; hence the name occurred to me, Rucksack an' Rifle.

The book titles were not a sales success. If W. H. Smith couldn't sell them what chance for me doing so. One of Rucksack's customers, Alex McFarlane, was a gun professional. Alex helped Suzanne and me to change to gun and knife sales. The store prospered until 1987 when Michael Ryan, a deranged loner fatally shot 16 people before taking his own worthless life. It was a sad day indeed and a pivotal day for Rucksack an' Rifle. Such was the anti-gun hysteria that 70 per cent of Britain's gun retailers went bankrupt or otherwise out of business. Britain's gun industry was Michael Ryan's 17<sup>th</sup> victim.

The consummate writer I continued to pen many articles for national periodicals. These were mostly but not exclusively related to outdoor pursuits. My articles regularly appeared in a variety of ethnic-European media including *The Barnes Review*. During this period of political change, I was mentored by the previously mentioned ex-BUF historian, Vivian Bird. Great friends and comrades we often stayed at his home situated in Dartmoor in Devon.



We worked together on articles and our work and that of others was regularly published either in periodicals or as published books. Other than political books my many other were related to military, outdoor and survivalist matters, which contributed to our domestic income. Titles included *Behind Enemy Lines*, *SWAT Special Weapons and Techniques*, *Theory of Subversive Action*, *How to See in the Dark*. I continue to print and market a wide range of National Socialist titles and recordings. My political titles included *For Those who Cannot Speak*, *Death of a City* and *Witness to History*. The latter title was 25 years in the writing and now in four volumes is my life's work. Today, *Witness to History* and *Death of a City* are best-sellers.

However, before the emergence of Amazon and Kindle self-publishing all my books were heavily pirated. Although I started to write politically early in the 1970s it was 2014 before I benefited from my first modest royalty; *Heroes of the Reich* was published late that same year. After writing unpaid for over 40-years I now have a bit of catching up to do.

Although I had retired from political party leadership, I was then to make my mark as an international political speaker. The celebrated Willis Carto White Nationalist veteran and then CEO of Liberty Lobby invited me to Washington DC to address their annual convention. This assembly and occasion was a great success and helped catapult me into strata that far exceeded the comparatively limited spectrum of British Movement leadership. I had moved on and I had moved up.



Willis Carto, the American legend who inspired and led Liberty Lobby.

### **THE GUILD OF MASTER CRAFTSMEN**

Whilst my political output continued to influence, educate and inspire across the White world I hung on at Rucksack an' Rifle until 1988. By this time the Michael Ryan factor had taken its toll; I now needed an alternative more reliable income. Headhunted and appointed membership recruitment executive for Britain's celebrated Guild of Master Craftsmen I continued to write my books. Soon afterwards I was appointed Regional Manager of this quality assurance regulatory body whose membership included the most illustrious names in British manufacturing, innovation, retail and hotel quality.



During my twenty years with the Guild of Master Craftsmen I was privileged to make the acquaintance of Britain's finest craftsmen and women. God gave each of us two ears and one mouth for a reason. Because I listened more than I talked I learned much from the leading entrepreneurs of British companies and craftsmen.



This newly acquired knowledge was to stand me in good stead. I was told often that my business acquaintance had learned more in two hours listening to me than he or she had learned from a library of books or any two-week business course.

Drawing on this twenty-year' experience (I retired from the Guild of Master Craftsmen in 2008) I authored the Amazon published book, *Business Booster*. Its purpose was to better equip Britain's independent businesses with the arsenal needed to succeed in a highly competitive environment. Meanwhile, political authorship, journalism and broadcasting continued unabated. Ironically, being relieved of the daily distractions of political party management had freed me to further my writing and broadcasting ambitions.

During my period with the Guild of Master Craftsmen I added my name to the directorship of Southern Comfit International, Properties Abroad Specialists. Among many other periodicals I penned articles for *A Place in the Sun* and *Spanish Life* magazines. This new calling inspired me to relocate to Spain in 2008. Settling in Spain I was at one stage writing for 17 different newspapers and periodicals.



Southern Comfit International. Mike Walsh with Secretary Julie Warrington-Jones and Jayne

## EURO WEEKLY NEWS WRITER OF THE YEAR

As we reached the new millennium's second decade, I was engaged by *Euro Weekly News*. This 112-page mainstream newspaper, read by 550,000 readers, was to become my bread and butter for the next years. In 2011, the newspaper's editorial board and owners unanimously voted me 'Writer of the Year'. As a columnist I was using my National Socialist leanings to educate, influence and inspire on all aspects of global politics.



Euro Weekly News 2011 'Writer of the Year' Award

Was McLaughlin (Walsh) good at his job? In 2011 the 128-page tabloid's editorial panel discussed which of its writers should be singled out for honour. McLaughlin was the only name discussed. As a consequence he was awarded *Writer of the Year*.

As the newspaper's columnist I was reaching an audience in excess of half a million readers. Many of these news and opinion columns were being taken up by other media. My liberation from political party management meant my influence had now reached beyond my wildest dreams as a political party leader over a span of three decades 1960s to 1980s. Simultaneously, I was the business affairs columnist for the *Euro Weekly News*. My weekly columns were being read from Valencia to Gibraltar.

Many would say that the bridge I crossed from 1984 to 2016 has been a success. Since 1968 no less than 39 books bearing my name on the cover had been published and proved successful. As a ghost-writer or co-author for independent authors I had added about 20 further titles to this total. As September 2016 drew to an end the total number of YouTube views of Michael Walsh video productions exceeded 100,000.

What do I do in my spare time; I compose poetry. Penning verse has pre-occupied me since I was 24-years of age. A dozen fully illustrated collections have so far been published; the total number of poems is just short of 800 in number. Is my verse popular? My verse has an international following and a departure from the clichéd 'modern art genre' of unfathomable poetry does appear to have returned poetry to the people.

## WHEN AFTER FIFTEEN MINUTES

When after fifteen-minutes,  
I haven't breathed at all,  
It's best to snuff the candle out,  
I answered Final Call;  
No need to get upset, dear,  
For souls can never cease,  
You know we're still together,  
And for sure I'm now at peace.

When, after fifteen-hours,  
You're wondering what is now,  
The tears are often coming,  
And heavy hangs your brow,  
You'll find my words of comfort,  
Behind the mourner's hearse,  
My poems are always with you,  
My love in every verse.

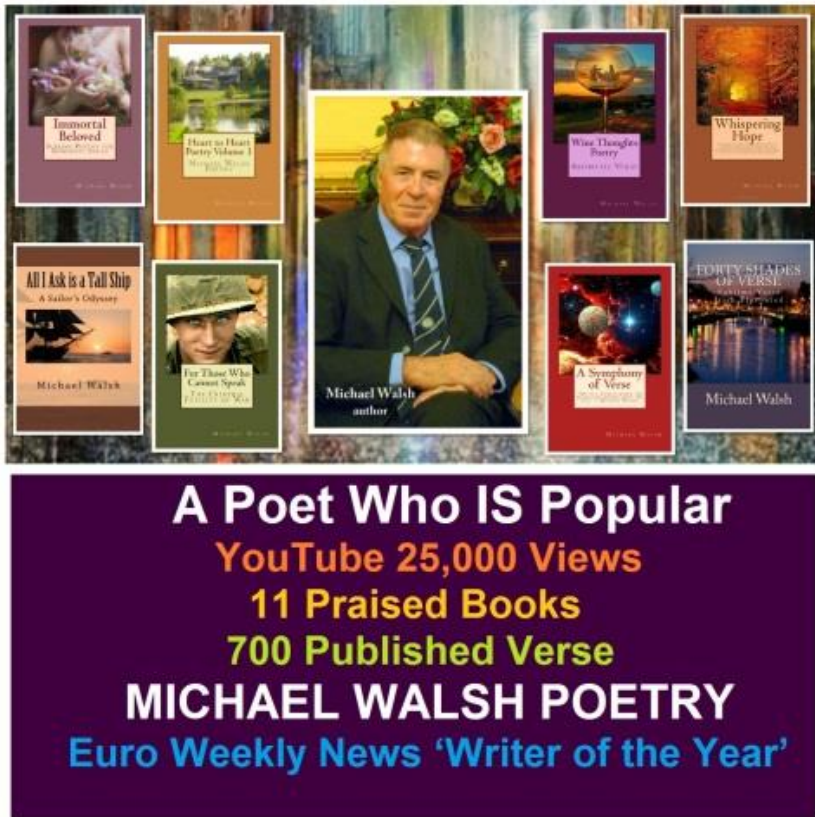
When after fifteen-days, dear,  
Though past has never fled,  
It's time perhaps to better think,  
Of good times still ahead,  
To live in hearts you leave behind,  
Is not to die but live,  
With memories I leave behind,  
There's still so much to give.

When fifteen-years elapses,  
I'm still a passing thought,  
I hope my life and passing was,  
A lesson fondly taught,  
Then you will know the path to me,  
And all you ever knew,  
In garden bower where we once met,  
Is where I wait for you.

In 2016 I composed the poem, 'When after Fifteen-Minutes', which was an instant success. Typical of the comments made: 'No words, there were tears instantly' (Ukraine), 'my goodness; this is the best poem yet.' (Kentucky). 'It is just so beautiful, Michael' (Canada). 'This is truly great and touching poem, the best' (Latvia). 'Oh, my God!!! It touched my soul's strings... goose bumps... You are the MASTER of words, it is so, don't make me cry again.' (Latvia).

'This is the saddest poem, Michael. It is loving and philosophical; I cry the tears of a river,' It is 'absolutely beautiful. My tears are flowing freely.' (France). 'Love it,

Michael. You are the best (California). It is sad and it is lovely,' (France). 'Michael, this is a beautiful poem, I enjoyed reading it', (Ontario). From Lisbon in Portugal: 'I have no words to express my feelings. This is normal reaction when you hear the language of the soul. Thank you.' Another writes, 'It is the most beautiful poem about bereavement that I have ever reads. Thank you so much.'



### TRIBUTES FROM THE RICH AND FAMOUS

Whilst all tributes are equal the better-known contributors include Susan Lee, Women's Editor, Liverpool Echo, Willy Russell (playwright Shirley Valentine, Blood Brothers), Colin Wilkinson Bluecoat Press, Liverpool. 'The Archbishop (Liverpool) asked me to tell you how much he enjoyed the enclosed verse' writes Graeme Brady, Secretary to the archbishop of the Metropolitan Cathedral of Christ the King. Barbara Noble, Co-founder Nobles of Liverpool, writes, 'May I say well done? Your poems are brilliant and everyone who reads them will identify with most. I enjoyed them very much.' Bernard C. Cooper, Guild of Master Craftsmen says: 'You are doing for Liverpool what Robert Service did for the Yukon ~ immortalizing it in a timeless way.'



Britain's legendary Ken Dodd, singer, comedian and song-writer.

‘The poems are extremely interesting and make good reading, especially in the evening when returning from work,’ says Robert Burns, MD. (Mr Burns was the originator of Irish theme public houses). Ken Dodd, Britain's most loved entertainer. ‘I was delighted to read your poetry on Liverpool and enjoyed it immensely.’

Unsurprisingly, my being a politically incorrect dissident idealist ensures my being censored and vilified by media. Like many other dissidents similarly treated I regard being ostracized as a great honour. I cannot imagine the sense of shame in being honoured in any country other than a National Socialist founded nation.

## UNIVERSITY OF LIVERPOOL



University of Liverpool

I was engaged by the University of Liverpool to offer lectures on writing, small press publishing and independent sales and marketing.

## **BROADCASTING**

International radio broadcasts are now regular additions to the workload. From January to October during 2016 I have broadcast on 23 occasions. These broadcasts are international but mostly American where news broadcasting is still independent. My broadcasts reach out to an international audience.

The spoken word is now almost as powerful as is the written word. These developments are certainly a far cry from the 1960s and 1970s when only occasionally under highly controlled circumstances was I allowed a voice on BBC or quasi-independent television.

## **BRITISH PRIME MINISTER MIKE WALSH**



When radio presenter Andy Carrington Hitchcock invited me to explain what measures I would prioritise if I were to become British premier, I immediately reached for my Nation Repair manual. Here then is a synopsis of measures I propose. Ironically, such measures provide the reasons why the governing regime, protected by the media and police, will stop at nothing to ensure such a threat to their cosy stitch-up would never succeed.

## FINANCIAL INTEGRITY



At least one bank would be nationalised. This bank would operate independently of privately owned banks, financial houses and interests. Such bank will be accountable to the elected assembly's relevant body. Privately owned banks and institutions to be carefully regulated and made publicly accountable. No bank would be able to access public funds or institutions.

All political institutions, their members and members of immediate families would be required to reveal for analysis complete details of income, assets, and financial, political and social interests. The same applies to heads of government departments, especially procurement; Civil Service mandarins, heads of police and media editors.

There would be searching analysis of all financial transactions and investments of the governing elite and establishment. All public debt would be investigated and renegotiated. A transfer of excessive bank interest to public funds would take place which in turn would be invested in reconstruction in the infrastructure and public sector. This would create jobs, spending power and tax returns to the government rather than the banks. The practice of usury will be outlawed.

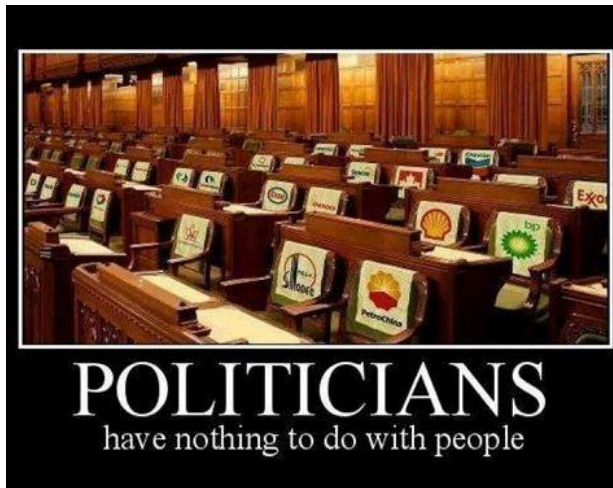
## GOVERNMENT



The United Kingdom's electoral system, illegal media ring-fencing and promotion, and notorious corruption bring international repugnance. A fairer more accountable and democratic system of government would be introduced.

The purpose of government is to serve the national interest not political ideology. The sole responsibility of legislators is race and nation. There is no place for political division and rivalry in a nation's governing system. Those seeking representative position will be obliged to choose between political and national interests.

Political parties are as irrelevant to governance as they are to matters concerning the Church or organisations of a religious nature. Similarly, the infusion of any political interest into the world of business and economy are anathema. Administration accountability: Legislators each year will be called to public account to report on the previous year's progress. Candidates for political office will be first endorsed by their chosen constituency's electorate by a process of referendum. Any seat must be contested by at least two candidates.



### RIGHT TO CITIZENSHIP

**FULL CITIZENSHIP** will be the right to all ethnic indigenous citizens of the British Isles and Northern Ireland able to supply evidence of entitlement such as family background. Such citizens will enjoy unhindered access to voting and electoral rights and legislative opportunities.

**RIGHT OF RESIDENCE** will be the right and prerogative of ethnic European citizens but neither voting nor legislative rights will be permitted.

**LIMITED RESIDENCE** and citizen access applied to non-Europeans. Also, to those whose lifestyle choice rejects the principles of nationhood and ethnic race integrity. This would include marriage or relationship outside of one's ethnicity. This edict would apply only to those who have made such choice and whose family includes any of non-European ethnicity and would not apply to family members. Those of non-European ethnicity will be denied citizenship, voting and rights to legislate with limitations on investments made.

## EUROPE



‘Why is the EU trying to recreate the USSR?’ Last President of the USSR, Mikhail Gorbachev:

An alternative to the defunct European Union will be suggested to which participating European nations adhering to the principles of the new government will be invited to participate.

## FOREIGN POLICY

Existing alliances and so-called special relationship status such as that of the United States and Israel will be curtailed. No Member of Parliament will be allowed to prescribe to any non-British interest such as Friends of Israel. Peaceful co-existence and a policy of mutual co-operation in all matters such as trade, foreign policy and national integrity will be encouraged.

## EMPLOYMENT



A Britons First policy will be written into employment legislation. All reverse discrimination to be repealed. Job application process will be prioritised on ethnicity subject to citizen status, qualification, experience and recommendation. Workers will appoint by election at least one delegate to represent the workforce at directorship level.

Those holding dual citizenship of any nation whose philosophical or religious tenets are hostile to ethnic-European interests to be excluded from public office and employment opportunities. Those wishing to set up business in Britain must abide by the Britons first policy.

## **REVERSE IMMIGRATION**

Britain due to its generous and inequitable access to benefits has attracted and embraced millions of non-indigenous peoples. Denial of such unearned rights will lead to a reverse flow of immigration. Access to all benefits including use of infrastructure will be curtailed for those who have not contributed to such infrastructure.

Following World War II, a policy of White emigration was sponsored by which indigenous Britons, assisted by government subsidy, exiled themselves from their homeland. A similar programme would be initiated that would apply to settlers of non-indigenous ethnicity. Encouragement, reference and assistance will be offered to ethnic Europeans such as South Africans, Australians, and Canadians if wishing to return to their British homeland.

## **LAND OWNERSHIP**

Land ownership for the purpose of investment only will be severely restricted. All such applications scrutinised and alien request to land investment vetted and monitored. All foreign investment subject to regulation and evidence provided of equitable returns on behalf of the nation.

## **MEDIA**



No British media will be subject to foreign control or management by dual nationality staff. All investment in media will be scrutinised. Editorial staff must be ethnically European and open to procedures of professional and financial accountability. Employment opportunities in media will not be based on reverse discrimination. CVs will not be worded in such a way as to exclude anyone on account of their political or spiritual persuasions.

## **ACCESS TO HEALTH SERVICES**

Is contribution based or on reciprocal arrangement. As most medical conditions are created by lifestyle choice a programme of educational health education will be initiated and healthy lifestyle sponsored by the relevant state authorities. The aim will be prevention is better than cure.

## **ANIMAL HUSBANDRY AND PRODUCTION**

This industry cries out for reform and regulation on humane methods of husbandry and food production. Such will be addressed as a priority. Vivisection will be outlawed as will transport of livestock that is carried out for economic advantage. Shechita methods of slaughter will be punishable.

## **PROFESSIONAL RESPONSIBILITY**

Any whose past employment served the replaced regime will be over time required to re-apply for their positions. Based on procedures associated to moral probity, financial integrity and ethnic-interest awareness there will be searching analysis of each applicant's previous record in their service to the outgoing state. Priority of investigation in this respect will be applied to the police and all law enforcement agencies.

All educators, civil servants, those employed in the public sector will attend courses the aim of which is to detoxify and re-educate in values appertaining to scientific race values.

## **POLITICAL INFORMATION AND EDUCATION**

### **CRISIS MANAGEMENT**

### **ADVICE AND INFORMATION FOR EUROPEANS**

RACE CONSERVATION (DEFINITION)

CONSERVATION RACE CONSERVATION RACE

CONSERVATION TIPS AND SUGGESTIONS

DEALING WITH MEDIA

LETTER TO THE EDITOR

LETTER TO COMPANIES

IDENTIFY YOUR REAL ENEMY

CITIZEN JOURNALIST: YOUR LAPTOP YOUR NEWSDESK

LETTER OF THE WEEK

TOXIC MAINSTREAM MEDIA

YOUR ACTIVISTS COMBAT KIT

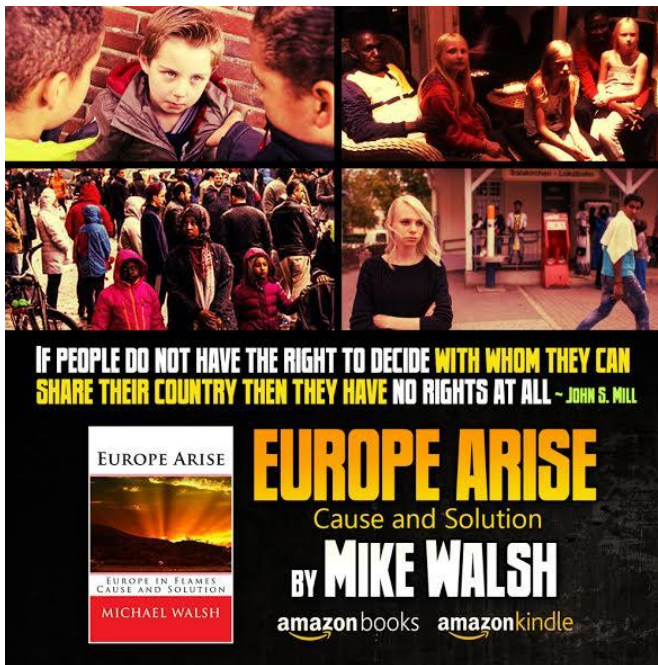
DEALING WITH THE BLATANT BIAS CORPORATION (BBC)

KNOW YOUR ENEMY: TELEVISION LIES

HARNESS THE POWER OF THE INTERNET

ANTI-SOCIAL MEDIA FACEBOOK

DON'T FALL FOR LIBERAL SELF-HATE DECEITS  
 CONFUSING RACE WITH NATION  
 BEHIND ENEMY LINES  
 FIGHT SMARTER NOT HARDER  
 NO EXCUSES FOR INERTIA  
 HOW TO ORGANISE  
 TAKE PRIDE IN YOUR RACE  
 THE STATE POLICE (PROTECT YOURSELF)  
 STATE CONTROLLED MEDIA (PROTECT YOURSELF)  
 DAMNING INDICTMENT OF MEDIA  
 MEDIA WAR AGAINST ETHNIC EUROPEANS  
 BBC RACE PROPAGANDA  
 MEDIA DECEPTION  
 AGENT PROVOCATEURS (IDENTIFICATION)  
 AVOID BEING COMPROMISED  
 WHAT TO DO IF RAIDED



By reading EUROPE ARISE pro Ethnic European activists discover a wealth of inspiration and information, support material, ideas, political education and advice, means of protecting oneself from political and establishment violence.

The best-selling handbook for White survival is unique and is welcomed throughout the world. EUROPE ARISE is the perfect self-indulgence and also the perfect gift for friends, family, and those you wish to please and inspire.

## IS THIS THE END OR THE BEGINNING

Answering the call of the struggle for White Rights I first went to the barricades in 1968. During those 48-years of struggle I reluctantly found myself leader of a party that was to become unique in its idealism. Of my many ambitions political party leadership was never one of them. But, as we go through life we meet challenges that leave us little choice but to meet them head-on. I did so.

The British (National Socialist) Movement never renounced National Socialism as being the only force that could and eventually will destroy the hegemony of the Capitalist ~ Communist conspiracy. During my nine or ten years of British Movement tenure I forged a political force that carried the banners of the past, nurtured the present, and provided inspiration for the future. When the leadership was torn from my grasp as rudely as it had been slammed into my fist in 1974 my critics claimed I had abandoned the fight. What have they achieved and what progress can they show; where are they now?

The British Movement died with me. All that is left of the British Movement is the tombstone now tended by charlatans. Be careful when you place your personal details to any political party's register of members. Judge self-appointed leaders by their track record. You then must ask yourself, is their track record of poor performance due to circumstance or incompetence? I would reply neither. The British Movement from 1974 to 1984 proved that given the leadership of an inexperienced, unproven and reluctant leader it can grow and endure to a position of national significance.

It is now 32-years since the British Movement of Leader Guard, Trafalgar Square, Brick Lane, great marches and street fights, terms of imprisonment and great sacrifice, furled its banner.

During those 32-years the hacked 'British Movement' back-peddled until it reached a position of baleful influence less than that of 1968. It is back to where it all started. Not once have I had reason to question my earlier judgement.

The British Movement had it the means to do so would have grown into a mighty force of political persuasion. It was not to be. As Hitler surmised on Germany's declaration of war: 'There is one word that I have never learned: capitulation.'

The Fuhrer and his sturdy comrades eventually wore down all those who opposed them. They did so because whilst their purpose was inflexible their strategy was flexible. They changed their strategy according to circumstances and need. There were dozens of occasions when word swept Germany that the Fuhrer and the N.S.D.A.P were defeated.

The most memorable change was after the failed Munich Putsch that was followed by Adolf Hitler's long term on imprisonment. There were scores of occasions such as that of the failed coup by renegade Ernst Rohm, when Hitler and he N.S.D.A.P were said to be finished. On each occasion, rather than working on failed strategies, those true National Socialists, whilst remaining fixed to their ideals, rose to each occasion, changed to meet new challenges, and eventually succeeded. If this is your odyssey too then we accompany each other as comrades and friends on the road to ethnic-European salvation.

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### **READERS INVITATION**

**RISE OF THE SUN WHEEL** Mike Walsh-McLaughlin. The charismatic leader of the 1960s-1980s legendary British (National Socialist) Movement. Relive the rallies, marches, street fighting, organisation, learn from a training manual for future fighters, gaol time, international campaigns, smuggling dissident literature. Michael Walsh and his Leader Guard were the last National Socialists to address mass crowds at Trafalgar Square and East London's Brick Lane. Discover a still fighting revolutionary veteran who built Europe's finest revolutionary party of ethnic-socialists since WWII.

If you like a book and wish to support the author you make a simple donation to his bank account.

Enjoy the FREE download and perhaps be kind enough to drop Michael a line and modest donation into Michael's bank account by saying hello to the author at [keyboardcosmetics@gmail.com](mailto:keyboardcosmetics@gmail.com)

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